

The Listener

and

B.B.C. Television Review

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1960

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William Moorcroft (left), mounted on a yak, meeting traders in western Tibet at the beginning of the nineteenth century: from a drawing in the India Office Library (see page 260)

Communism in India

By Guy Wint

Malaise of the German Intellectual

By Friedrich Burschell

The Scientist's Dilemma

By Stephen Toulmin

The Precision of the Wheel

A poem by Vernon Watkins

Rock Paintings in South Africa

By Sir Herbert Read

Television in Australia

By G. J. Munster

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The Listener

Vol. LXIII. No. 1611

Thursday February 11 1960

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Communism in India

By GUY WINT

Mr. Khrushchev, who visited Peking last October, is due to arrive in Delhi today

IN Asia there are two great land masses, China and India. In the first decades of this century there were fairly close similarities between the economies and societies of these two countries. But in the one country, China, communism has triumphed. In the other, India, the Communist Party is still a struggling and relatively small party.

For the different fortunes of communism in the two countries there are many reasons. One of the principal of these is that in China communism managed to identify itself with nationalism. It was able to steal from its predecessor, the Kuomintang, the claim to be the true champion of the Chinese nation, the rightful custodian of the nation's interests. In India, by contrast, the Communist Party has again and again found itself on the opposite side to nationalism. Its main opponent is the present ruling party, the Indian National Congress, and, repeatedly, the Congress has been able to pin on the Communist Party the charge of being anti-nation, anti-Indian, the tool of the foreigner. To be convincingly exposed as anti-nationalist is one of the worst fates that can befall a group of politicians in contemporary Asia. That is what has happened to Indian communism, and that is why Indian communism has failed to take advantage of the circumstances in Indian society which otherwise might have made communism formidable.

How did these misadventures happen to the Indian Communists? It must be admitted that they have been dogged by ill-luck. Circumstances recurred which drove them into isolation from the great mass of the Indian nation. After patiently undoing

over a period of years the effects of one such crisis, they would see a new situation develop in which they would be impelled to commit once again the same betrayal of the national cause. They would be back where they started. To see how this has happened, it is necessary to look back over the course of the history of the Communist Party in India.

The party had its origins abroad. In fact, if not in form, it came into being at the end of the first world war, as the result of the struggle of small groups of expatriate left-wing Indians to obtain the patronage of the Comintern. The chief rivalry was between M. N. Roy, one of the most fascinating figures of his generation, and Chattopadhyaya, who was a brother of Mrs. Naidu, the leading woman in the Indian National Congress, and a famous poet. Roy won. But Roy had already been out of India since 1914, and his control of Indian communism gave it, from the start, a foreign flavour.

The party was not founded on Indian soil itself until 1925. It had then to face in India the towering structure of the Indian Congress. It also had to face Mr. Gandhi who regarded communism without sympathy because communism was godless and because it believed that the end justified the means, and therefore, in Gandhi's eyes, was unethical. Moreover, the whole aim and purpose of Congress was to liberate India from Britain, which was still the master of India. Communism raised other issues which threatened to distract attention from the nationalist one. Thus Congress deplored its intrusion.

The aim of the Communists was to worm their way into the Congress Party in the hope of eventually getting control of it from the inside. But to do this it had to adopt conspiratorial and furtive means. These came to light and were publicized. The

Communists lost face. Their most disastrous setback came in 1941. The issue was the war in Europe. When Germany attacked Russia, the Communist Party, like communism elsewhere in the world, had to switch overnight from denouncing the Western allies as imperialists and working for their defeat, to acclaiming them as allies of Soviet Russia. The war was no longer denounced as an imperialist war but praised as a people's war. But at the same time, the Indian National Congress, for reasons coming out of the domestic situation in India and the national struggle, moved more sharply away from an ambiguous attitude to the war towards downright condemnation of the British. Because Britain would not transfer power to Congress during the years of hostilities, Congress in August 1942 started what it called 'open rebellion' against the British.

A Dramatic Opposition

Thus Communists and Congress in 1942 found themselves sharply and dramatically opposed. Congress, in what it conceived was the crisis of its fate, was rebelling against Britain; and the communists were giving active aid to Britain, carrying on propaganda for the war, helping to raise recruits for the war. By Indian nationalism this was regarded as blatant treachery. The memory of it was to rankle for years. The bitterness was intensified by stories, which may or may not have been true, of Communist help to the government of the British Raj in India in finding and capturing some of the activist Congress leaders who were involved in the violent side of the rebellion.

When the war ended, and still more when India achieved its independence in 1947, the Communists set themselves to live down their past. This was no easy task, given the facts of the past. After the British departure, Congress regarded communism as its most potentially dangerous enemy, even though it made slow progress electorally. Congress kept up a steady propaganda against it. The most damaging charges by Congress were that the Communist Party took its orders from abroad—from Moscow; that it received money from abroad; that it was more interested in promoting the interest of Russia than of its own country; and that it was willing that India should be used as an instrument for procuring the welfare of Russia, and that it should not follow a line conceived entirely in terms of India's own interests.

It should be noticed that the foreign Communist power which was regarded as the mentor of the Indian Communist Party was always Russia, and not China. However strong the prestige of China might become in India, the old allegiance of the Indian Communist Party to Russia remained unshaken.

In 1948, following the call of Mr. Zhdanov for Communist revolt throughout all Asia, the Indian Communist Party began a rather haphazard but sensational campaign of violence. Again, Congress was able to represent them as acting as Russia's agents. This delayed the progress which communism might otherwise have made by exploiting the disillusionment of the Indian public which followed inevitably when Congress had for some time been in possession of power.

The Russian Line Changes

Russian tutelage of the Indian Communist Party gave it an even worse blow in 1956, when Mr. Khrushchev and Marshal Bulganin visited India. The Russian line had changed. In the first years of Indian independence, Russia had denounced Jawaharlal Nehru and the Congress Government as stooges of the West and running dogs of imperialism. But by 1956, Moscow wanted India as its ally internationally. Or at least it hoped to be able to use Indian neutralism to its own advantage. Therefore, when Khrushchev and Bulganin visited India, they demonstrated by every means their friendliness to the Congress Government. They appear to have conveyed specific instructions to the Indian Communist Party to be more wary, and to avoid any head-on opposition to Congress such as might scare India of communism, and cause it to sheer away from co-operation with the Communist countries internationally.

Worse still, in the middle of a critical general election for the Andhra state in India, the Communist press in Russia came out in praise of Congress achievements. The party managers of Congress are vigilant, astute men. They saw their opportunity. Thousands

of copies of the articles were distributed throughout Andhra as part of the Congress propaganda. If Congress was good enough for Mr. Khrushchev, surely, said the Congress managers, it was good enough for Indian left-wing sympathisers in Andhra. Congress won the election. The Russian intervention had certainly reduced the Communist vote considerably.

Afterwards, because of domestic events in India, affairs began to go better for communism in several parts of the country. In 1957, after a national general election, the Communists were able to form a government in the southernmost state, Kerala. Their hopes rose of making steady progress by constitutional agitation and because of a malaise spreading throughout India. But once more, communists outside India were to cause them the gravest embarrassment, as the story of what follows will show.

This time it was the Chinese, not the Russians. In 1959, China and India quarrelled. China, in the course of putting down the Khamba rebellion in Tibet, provoked a general Tibetan rising, which it crushed ruthlessly. The Indian public, because of its sympathies with Buddhism, expressed itself generally on the Tibetan side, and the Indian Government gave asylum to the Dalai Lama when he fled from Tibet. This angered the Chinese greatly, since they feared the influence of the Dalai Lama if he was allowed to live as a venerated refugee in India.

This was the start; and more quickly followed. China declared that the existing boundaries between China and India were no true boundaries at all, but had been fixed arbitrarily in the time of the British Raj by British imperialists, who had unlawfully included large tracts of China. They demanded that the frontier—2,500 miles in all—should be negotiated afresh. To back up their claim they made incursions all along the frontier, and sent numbers of troops into the frontier territory called Ladakh.

Bad Year for Indian Communists

The Indian Communists could not help being involved. The year 1959 was a bad one for them: their government in Kerala had been suspended by the Indian Central Government on the grounds that it could no longer ensure law and order; its measures, and above all its administrative conduct, had provoked so much active opposition that the work of government had been gradually brought to a standstill, and the Central Government was therefore able to intervene legally according to the provisions of the constitution. On the heels of this came the necessity of declaring their attitude on the Sino-Indian frontier dispute. Were the Indian Communists to side with their own government, and thus break their international connexions with Communist China? Or were they to back the Chinese Communist Government, and thus once more find themselves denounced as backing a foreign government against their own national government, and against India's clear national interests?

The leaders of the Indian Communist Party were acutely embarrassed. They were also divided. For a time they did their best to take refuge in silence and ambiguity. But India as a whole demanded to know their answer—and Congress, seeing the confounding of the Indian Communist Party as the one good thing to come out of the dispute—kept up the pressure upon them to reveal their sympathies plainly. One of the highest officials of the party went in September to Peking to explain their embarrassment to Chou En-lai. He seems to have received little help.

In the end the central committee of the Indian Communist Party passed a resolution at a meeting at Meerut which at first reading seemed to pledge the party's support to the Indian Government, and not to the Chinese Government. But the resolution was the result of debate and compromise. More careful reading suggested that it attached most weight to India and China entering into negotiation; and in case of any such negotiation the Indian Communists would probably before long be found supporting what many people in India believe to be the plan of the Chinese once negotiations have started—the surrender by India of Ladakh in return for a Chinese acceptance of the eastern part of the frontier demarcated by the so-called McMahon line.

Because of the embarrassment of the Indian Communists, because of their ambiguities and their suspected camouflage, Indian nationalism, which is still a more fiery force than the outside world supposes, was more than ever convinced that Indian

(concluded on page 262)

The Story of the Royal Marines

By SIR BRIAN HORROCKS



I AM discussing here not one man of action but a whole group. They fight on the sea but they are not sailors; they fight on the land but they are not soldiers; yet they are both: the Royal Marines, who in my view deserve the title 'Men of Action' more than anybody else, because they have fought more battles on land and sea than has any other Service; and in the course of years, in some extraordinary way, have become the maid of all work of both Services and can turn their hands to anything.

Today the Marines are certainly turning their hands to anything; all the technical advances of the twentieth century have been adopted by these sea soldiers. Of course, there is nothing new about sea soldiers—the Romans used them. In fact Roman marine cohorts took part in the invasion of this country. Royal Marine training is the toughest in the world and always has been since they were first formed in 1664 as the Duke of York and Albany's Maritime Regiment of Foot.

As far as my generation is concerned, the Marines will always be associated with one place: Zeebrugge. To my mind this was the most brilliant and audacious raid that the Royal Navy ever carried out, and the Marines played a prominent part in it. It took place on St. George's Day, April 23, 1918, during the first world war, and it came as a great tonic because the war had not been going at all well. The Germans had launched a massive offensive on the Western Front in March, which had come as a complete surprise to the Allies, and their submarines were still taking a fearsome toll of our merchant shipping at sea, just as they did in the last war. In fact in the previous April they had sunk over 600,000 tons, and we had managed to destroy at sea only two submarines. It was a grim picture.

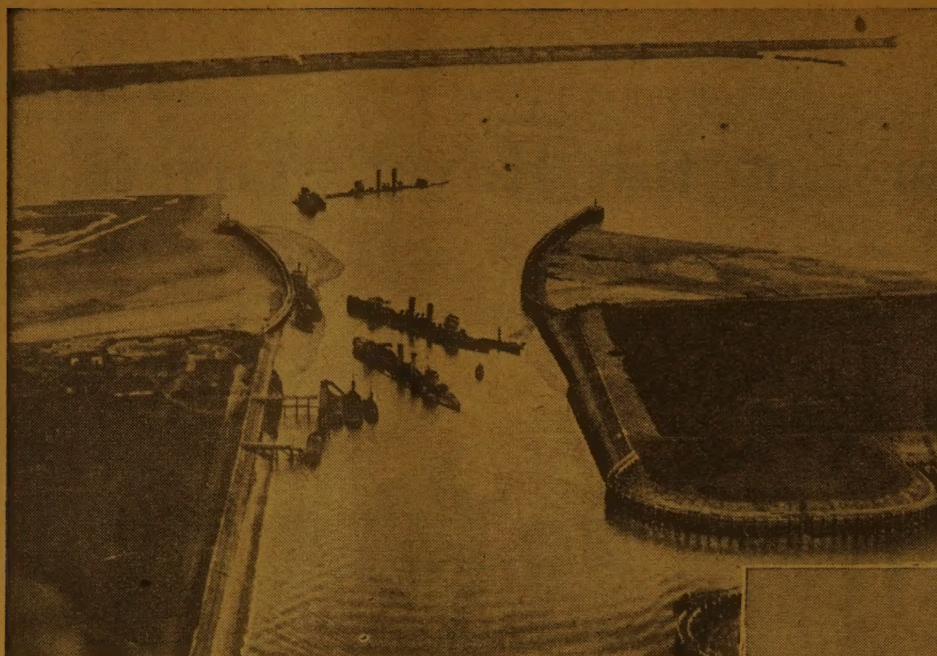
At the time, the main base from which the submarines and destroyers operated was at Bruges in Belgium, eight miles inland, and as a rule there were anything up to eighteen to twenty submarines and some twenty-five destroyers refitting there. The submarines would sail out along a deep-water canal into the sea, down the Channel, out into the Atlantic on to the trade routes; and that is where the damage was done. The canal enters the sea at Zeebrugge, where a man-made harbour had been constructed, a huge mole, which I believe is the largest in the world. One mile long, sixty-one feet across, this immense granite structure

towered over the sea; about thirty feet above even at high-water. And there the Germans had made a seaplane base.

In order to protect that seaplane base and the exit to the canal, the Germans had turned the whole of Zeebrugge into a fortress. They had a garrison of over 1,000 men, barbed wire, concrete emplacements, and many guns. There was one particularly vicious battery, called the mole extension battery, covering the entrance to the harbour. The Admiralty's plan was to bottle up all the German craft there: we had not been very successful in destroying them at sea, and this seemed an easier way of doing it. It was going to be done by sinking blockships; specially selected ships, full of concrete, would be sailed in and sunk in the canal. But before those blockships could get there, they would have to run the gauntlet of all the guns, and they would have no hope of getting in unless the attention of the German defenders—the 1,000 reputed to be there—could be directed on to something else; and the only way to take the attention off the blockships was to make them think that an invasion of Zeebrugge was taking place.

This was the plan. The old cruiser 'Vindictive' was to sail in, right up to the jetty, just beside the extension battery, and she would be accompanied by two Mersey ferryboats—the 'Iris' and the 'Daffodil'. Assault parties, consisting of marines and sailors, would then leap on to the mole and attack the German defences. While this battle was raging, twenty minutes later the three blockships would sail in, it was hoped almost unobserved, enter the canal, and would sink themselves there. They were, first the 'Thetis', second the 'Intrepid', and third the 'Iphigenia'. The canal would be blocked.

Like all naval operations, however, this plan was very dependent on time and weather. It could take place only at high tide, because otherwise the 'Vindictive' would have been so much down below the jetty that the landing parties could never have got ashore. It had to be preceded and followed by darkness, for the approach and the withdrawal. But, more important than anything else, it had to have the right wind, because it was realized that the German defences on the mole were so strong and there would be such powerful searchlights there, that neither blockships nor the 'Vindictive' could have got anywhere near unless they came in under a thick smoke screen, blowing towards



Imperial War Museum
The mouth of the canal at Zeebrugge, showing the three British blockships shortly after the attack on April 23, 1918. Inset, right: the battle-scarred funnels of the 'Vindictive'

the Germans, and blown there by an on-shore wind. And the wind is a very fickle mistress.

The Admiralty, in an almost classic understatement, described the operation as 'hazardous'. It most certainly was. A special battalion of Marines, the Fourth Battalion, was formed especially for Zeebrugge. It consisted of volunteers and as far as possible of bachelors, and the same applied to all the naval ratings, and particularly to those ratings who manned the blockships, who had the most dangerous task of all. They were told frankly that while every effort would be made to rescue them by motor launch after their blockships had been sunk in the canal, the chances of their getting away were remote, and the best they could hope for was to spend the rest of the war in a prisoner-of-war camp in Germany. Yet volunteers tumbled over themselves to serve in those blockships: such was the spirit of the Royal Navy.

They were all collected—Marines, naval landing parties, and everybody—for special training. But such was the secrecy which surrounded this operation, that when the King went down to watch them training, even he was not told where they were going. They set off on April 22, a vast naval operation involving some 160 ships, commanded personally by Sir Roger Keyes, who had indeed conceived the plan.

The 'Vindictive' was due to come alongside the mole at midnight. One hour before, Action Stations were ordered and all the assault parties waited as the ships nosed their way forward through the smoke screen and the dark. Survivors will tell you that that was the worst part of the whole operation—the waiting and the stillness before the fury which was about to break out. Then, when the 'Vindictive' was only four minutes from the mole, the wind went wrong again, and blew off-shore into their faces. There she was, naked in all the German searchlights, and every gun opened on her. She was riddled with fire, casualties mounted up on her deck. But Captain Carpenter drove her on full speed ahead, straight for the jetty. Owing to the severity of the firing, however, he had to ease off a bit to starboard, so that he came up against the jetty 400 yards to the right of the mole extension battery. Moreover, the shelling had damaged one of his anchors, which had fouled and would not work. Thus when he got against the jetty he could only get the bow of the ship there but could not bring her alongside—she kept on swinging.

Now came the 'Daffodil's' finest hour; the old Mersey ferry-boat, with smoke belching from her funnels, came steaming up, and putting her broad ferry-boat bow against the 'Vindictive', she drove her into the mole and held her there during the entire operation.

The assault party swarmed on to the quay—the battle was on

and the noise was fantastic. The Marine and Naval landing parties were attacking the defences at point-blank range, and though their casualties were heavy they captured one after another. But try as they would, nobody could cover those 400 yards of open mole, down which machine gun fire was whipping, to reach the mole extension battery. The Navy tried; they were all killed or wounded. Then the Marines tried—they suffered the same fate. So when, twenty minutes later, the blockships arrived, and the 'Thetis' was only 100 yards from the entrance to the harbour, she was spotted by the German gunners in the extension battery. They swung their guns round and fired on her at point-blank range of 100 yards; they could not miss. She was holed and holed and holed again, she listed to starboard, ran into an underwater anti-

submarine net, but her Captain drove her on and on into the middle of the harbour and sank her astride the dredge channel; not in the canal, but in the harbour. Nevertheless, she, and the battle which was raging on the mole, served their purpose, for the second blockship, the 'Intrepid', sailed in almost unnoticed, hardly hit at all; she got right into the canal, her Captain turned her and sank her. The 'Iphigenia' was not quite so lucky because by now the Germans realized what was happening. She



came under heavy fire, but her young Captain got her into the canal and then very coolly manoeuvred her so as to close the last bit of open canal. The Germans were now bottled up.

The recall was sounded on the 'Daffodil' and the assault parties on the mole came streaming back, but by now many were carrying wounded. The re-embarkation was almost more difficult than the landing because the wounded had to be got over the side of the jetty, down on the decks of the ship, which was under very heavy artillery and mortar fire from the shore battery. Yet some of those men returned time after time to bring back their wounded comrades. Eventually, however, the 'Vindictive' cast off and she and the ferry-boats disappeared into the darkness of the night.

Incredible though it may seem, 90 per cent. of the naval crews of those blockships were saved, thanks entirely to the extreme gallantry of two young naval officers, Lieutenants Dean and Littleton, in charge of motor launches. In fact, the whole operation had been a complete success, but at a cost. The 'Vindictive' was shot to pieces. It is hardly surprising that the casualties in the Royal Marines alone were 119 killed and 233 wounded; just over half of all the Marines engaged in a battle that lasted for one hour. Three days later the Fourth Battalion was disbanded, and as a tribute to all those men who served at Zeebrugge it has never been re-formed.

Although I am mainly discussing Marines fighting on land, one must not forget that they also take part in all the big naval actions, because on the larger ships Marines man a quarter of the armaments. On all men-of-war they have their own quarters, and these are always in the same position—between the ward-room occupied by the officers, and the seamen's mess-decks occupied by the crew; and if you ask any old Marine why they are situated between the two, he will tell you, with a

twinkle in his eye, that it is to prevent the officers and men from eating each other.

But that was in the days of the big ships. In the last war with its emphasis more and more on combined operations, raids were a speciality of the Royal Marines; they made superb commandos because in all their training they were told to expect the unexpected. There was hardly an invasion in which they did not take part in one form or another.

The operation which brings out all the qualities which the Marines try to inculcate during their training was, I think, the battle at Port en Bessin during the Normandy landings on D-Day, June 6, 1944. The small port of Port en Bessin was between the point of the American landing and the British and Canadian landings; it was a link between the two fronts, but also very important because we wanted it as early as possible in order to land petrol there—the life-blood of a modern mechanized army. It was very strongly defended and the harbour and small town were dominated by two high hills honeycombed with trenches. In fact, the Germans had made Port en Bessin so strong that it was almost impregnable to an attack from the sea. So its capture was handed over to No. 47 Royal Marine Commando, 420 men commanded by Colonel Phillips. The plan was as follows. They were to come ashore after the beach had been secured and a way had been cleared through the underwater obstacles for their fourteen landing craft. It was to be a peaceful landing. After they had assembled (each man carrying fifty pounds because they would have no transport), they were to set off ten miles through the German lines to attack Port en Bessin from the rear, where it was less strongly defended.

That was a difficult enough operation if everything went according to plan, but in war things rarely do, and they certainly did not in this case. When they came off the beaches, they came under heavy shelling and mortar fire; some of their landing craft were sunk; others were blown up on the mines on top of the underwater obstacles, because no way had been cleared through. Many of the Marines had to swim ashore, some from as far as 500 yards out, which meant jettisoning all their arms and equipment. Instead of all landing together they were stretched over a mile of beach, and it took Colonel Phillips three hours to collect his scattered Command again. When he did, this was the situation which faced him: the Marines were tired: they were not exhausted in any way, but they had had a rough crossing and a rough landing, far from peaceful; most of them were soaking wet, because they had swum ashore; only 50 per cent. had arms and equipment—some of them had no trousers, some of them had no boots. He had already lost over sixty men and the operation had not even started. Moreover, he had had to come ashore farther away from the objective than had been intended, and he now had fifteen miles to go through enemy territory.

Off they set. In front went the Marines with arms, and as they moved across country by-paths, and across hedgerows, they came across a lot of German defensive positions. Each one they attacked and overran in order to capture the weapons for their own men. So when they arrived in the neighbourhood of Port en Bessin a large number of them were fully equipped with German weapons.

Their first objective was a wooded hill, near where there was known to be a large concentration of German troops. By now, of course, the men were getting pretty exhausted. So, while they were given a two-hour rest, patrols were sent off to make contact with the Americans, who were to supply the artillery fire for this attack on Port en Bessin. But the Americans also had had a lot of difficulty in landing and the artillery support was not forthcoming.

So now came the second crisis in this fantastic battle. They were completely cut off, none of their wireless sets would work and they had no supporting fire—one mortar with no sights and therefore very inaccurate. That was all. However, they managed to get one wireless set working; Colonel Phillips got in touch with the Navy and asked for naval gunfire on

Port en Bessin, to be followed by low-flying attacks from the air. And both of those took place in the afternoon. As soon as the naval fire lifted and the low-flying attack was finished, in went the Marines to attack, clearing the houses one by one as they went. But then a German attack overran their defensive position, where there were very few men left—they could not afford them. They now were in a mess, with Germans everywhere. Nevertheless they went straight on and cleared the town. But Port en Bessin could not be held until the two high hills were captured. They failed to get up the first because of cross-fire from the other. Then twice they attacked the second one. The same thing happened—heavy casualties, driven back each time. But a young officer called Captain Cousins, who had led one of these assaults, had noticed a small zig-zag path leading to the top. When it was dark, collecting every available man, he made one last effort. This time they succeeded. They captured it, but Cousins at the last moment was killed by a grenade thrown by a German, so he did not live to see his hour of triumph. However, with this in their possession, it so happened, as so often happens in war, that the German defences crumbled. The Marines were able to hold on to Port en Bessin from D-Day to D-plus two, when they were relieved by the Americans and by the Devonshire Regiment. A remarkable achievement.

This shows that with the Marines it is not just flag-wagging and square-bashing: they really know how to fight.

Usually these 'Men of Action' stories end with the second world war. But not this one, because since 1945 we have had the so-called Cold War, and as usual the Marines have been involved in it up to the hilt, and have been fighting all over the world. Probably the worst place they fought in was Korea, where the cold in winter was very severe, sometimes 40 degrees below zero. These ghastly conditions were made still worse when the North Koreans were joined by the Chinese. Over and over again our troops were hopelessly outnumbered: in one particular battle by thirty-seven to one.

I am an optimist; I do not believe that another major world war will occur. But I am not so optimistic about small wars not breaking out, and there is always the danger that small wars, like small fires, will spread if they are not put out quickly. So what we need today is a mobile military fire brigade, prepared to move rapidly anywhere in the world and do just that—prevent the small fires spreading. And in this the Royal Marine Commandos have a very important role to play. The carrier 'Bulwark' is being refitted to become the mobile base of the Royal Marine Commandos, from which they can operate anywhere in the world. When it sails, complete as usual with a naval crew and Royal Marines, in all probability, if the traditions of this Service still hold good, on board will be sons and possibly grandsons of the Marines who fought on the 'Vindictive' at Zeebrugge.

—From a talk in the B.B.C. Television Service



Royal Marine Commandos landing on the coast of Normandy on D-Day, June 6, 1944

Imperial War Museum

The Scientist's Dilemma

By STEPHEN TOULMIN

This is the first of a group of talks on possible developments in culture and politics during the nineteen-sixties

AHUNDRED AND TWENTY years ago—in the year 1840—the word 'scientist' was used for the first time: it had been newly minted by the great Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, William Whewell. People who practised the fine arts had long been known as artists, and he thought it was about time that a corresponding name was introduced for people concerned with sciences: the name scientist was a natural coining. Sixty years ago, in 1900, the Royal Society and corresponding scientific academies in other countries still included a number of doctors, clergymen, and amateurs: professional scientists had not yet monopolized them. Today, science has become an estate of the realm, an institution, with the national academies as the guardians of their professional standards, the governing bodies of their guild. This emergence of science as an institution, as a profession, is going to be one of the more influential facts of social life in the years from 1960 to 2000: and I want here to take a critical look at some of its implications.

Science without Scientists

Some people (I imagine) are already so accustomed to the new state of affairs that they will find it hard to believe just how novel it is. How (they will ask) could there ever have been science without scientists? Surely Whewell can only have been coining a new name for an existing profession? To them one can only reply: look at the record. Even since 1840, three of the crucial scientific insights came, respectively, to an employee of the Swiss Patent Office, to a monk in the garden of a Bohemian monastery, and to an English gentleman-naturalist back from a voyage round the world. Before 1840 the story is the same, only more so. Leave aside the university professors of mathematics—such as Newton and Galileo—and one is thrown back on such men as an aristocratic French tax-farmer, the Vicar of Teddington, and an American politician-cum-newspaper-proprietor with a private flair as an inventor and natural philosopher.

But there—I have used the phrase. Before 1840, the men who studied science were known, not as scientists, but as savants, virtuosi, or 'natural philosophers'. In those days they were not full-time craftsmen, having a professional tradition and a professional pride. They were curious, critical, eccentric individuals who found received ideas about Nature inadequate or incomplete, and were determined to think up better ones. They were men with the intellectual fidgets, who opened our eyes to new possibilities—who envisaged new ways in which we could get a rational grasp of the workings of Nature: in the best sense of an ill-regarded term, they were philosophers of Nature.

A Vocational Training

In the last hundred years, the whole situation has been gradually, but utterly, transformed. The study of science, instead of being the final adornment of a gentleman's education, is often thought of nowadays as a vocational training. It is a preparation for a craft, and no one who obtains a decent university degree in science need now fear unemployment.

There is no denying the tremendous benefits which have come from this sheer multiplication of the number of qualified scientists: or perhaps one should say of trained science-users since most of our science graduates acquire the ability to use current ideas rather than criticize them.

Yet the new status and glory which scientists have had thrust on them do not represent pure gain. On the contrary, they also create fresh problems, within the profession and its relations to

the rest of society. And these problems will have to be faced.

The external problems (as one may call them) are symbolized for me by an experience I had just after the war. I was employed in one of those teams of technical intelligence officers who went round Germany interviewing the men who had been working on military electronics. Tucked away in a lonely, moated castle in Thuringia we found a little team of scientists who had spent the war doing entirely impractical work on atmospheric electricity. Their subject had been certain minute fluctuations in the electrification of the atmosphere, what you might call 'micro-thunderstorms'; and the work they had been doing was purely academic—I nearly said, purely scientific. Anyway, when the occupation armies arrived, they took their most precious pieces of apparatus, sealed them in biscuit tins, and buried them in the forest. The head of the team got out for us a couple of maps which might have come straight out of *Treasure Island*: with the help of which we went and dug them up.

How (you may ask) had they gone on getting government money for this useless research right up to the time of the final capitulation? It was all a matter of bluff: they persuaded the Luftwaffe that their work would lead to a better understanding of lightning discharges, and that would in the long run be of importance for the air force. Having got their financial support, they went on exactly as before, studying problems they found interesting for their own sake. This particular bluff—I shall argue—is one which scientists have been using for the last 300 years. And their dilemma today arises from this: that, by becoming professionals, they are running the risk of having this bluff called.

Two Founding Fathers

Let me explain what I mean. Modern science had two founding fathers: Francis Bacon and Isaac Newton. But these men stood in fact for entirely different ideals. Bacon was a great public servant, with a splendid vision of the possibilities held out by the systematic pursuit of scientific technology. He even had a recipe, a method, by which he thought scientists could be sure of getting results. In consequence, he has been very useful to science, as a sort of public relations officer. For instance, when the founders of the Royal Society wanted the patronage of King Charles II they spoke, naturally enough, with the voice of Bacon, and insisted on the importance to the Admiralty of a better understanding of astronomy and magnetism. Yet, in practice, scientists for the last three centuries have modelled themselves, not on Bacon, but on Newton—a man who was preoccupied with intellectual and philosophical problems for their own sake, and whose direct personal interest in technology was of the slightest.

In the second half of the twentieth century, it is going to be much harder for scientists to reconcile these two different loyalties. Science has become a profession, just because it has begun to bear large-scale practical fruits. The trouble is that the professional man is expected to show results. His public standing depends upon his efficacy. So the big question is how far the public esteem in which science is now held is really the reward of scientific technology—and whether, even now, the voting, tax-paying public recognizes that these fruits are only the by-product of better natural philosophy.

I have described this practice of getting money for fundamental research by promises of long-term practical utility as 'bluff'; and this was perhaps an unkind word. For advocates of scientific technology from Francis Bacon on have taken care to say, at any rate in small print, that the fruits of science would consist in the first place of enlightenment, and only secondarily of material comforts and productivity. So it would be unfair to suggest that the Baconian pronouncements of scientists have

involved any radical duplicity. It is only when one is faced with such munificent patrons as the German Air Ministry—or the United States Office of Naval Research—that the temptation to bluff becomes really serious. Yet, in the long run, even this harmless-looking patronage may prove to have been bought at too high a price.

Intellectual Capital

The central point is this. Fundamental scientific insights are a kind of intellectual capital. They are the foundation not just of scientific technology, but of one whole picture of Nature. They may start paying practical dividends quite soon, but equally they may not do so for centuries—or never. At the moment, fundamental science is probably getting much of the financial support it needs, by sheer leakage from the vast sums poured into applied research.

What is more disquieting is the tendency for the best brains to be siphoned off into applied science. If scientists are free to work (like Newton) as their own curiosities direct, they will nose out for themselves the problems capable of yielding the greatest intellectual fruit. Yet already our universities find it notoriously difficult to keep their first-rate men; and the Nobel Prizes often go to scientists working under the patronage of industry—for instance, at the Bell Telephone Laboratories. One does not like to suggest that scientists should be left, like poets, to starve in garrets. Yet perhaps it is worth remarking that, in 1905, none of the three problems on which Einstein based his revolutionary theories—the photo-electric effect, the Brownian motion, and the Michelson-Morley experiment—none of these was an obvious candidate for government or industrial finance.

So much for the problems arising in the external relations of the scientific profession. But professionalization has created problems within the body of science as well. Any new institution tends to develop a certain conservatism, a certain orthodoxy, to acquire a vested interest in an established body of ideas. (The medical professional is an obvious example.) In this respect, the interests of the class of science-users are in direct opposition to those of the original thinkers on whom the future of science will depend. The scientific profession is faced with the need to do what no other profession has ever succeeded in doing: it must always reserve the highest honours for men who overthrow the ideas on which many of its members depend for their livelihood.

Another more serious side of this problem is the risk that scientists—confident in their new status as professionals—may become, not just intellectually conservative but unadventurous. Arnold Toynbee has pointed out how obsession with an established technique can hamper the development of a better one; and this can easily happen in the intellectual field just as in any other. Any professional group may naturally be tempted to concentrate on the things it is good at—on the techniques it has already mastered. Yet science is unlike other activities in this: it must concentrate its efforts on the things we do not understand, on the problems we have so far no technique for dealing with. Here again the interests of the science-users, for whom existing ideas are valuable as practical instruments, are different from those of original scientists, whose ambitions are, at the theoretical level, revolutionary.

As a matter of history, science became professionalized once before, and what followed was a disaster. The critical date was about 100 B.C. Aristotle's great synthesis of the sciences had serious defects, and men like Archimedes and Hipparchus were well aware of them. The crucial weaknesses lay in the field of mechanics: without something like the calculus, no conception of instantaneous velocity could be built up, and in his account of planetary motion and free fall Aristotle was as a result greatly at fault. For 200 years after his death, we find these problems being seriously tackled: Archimedes took the first steps towards the infinitesimal calculus, and Hipparchus was feeling his way towards the modern idea of momentum. If only these two men had left a school of pupils equally obsessed with the intractable problems, the seventeenth-century revolution in physics might well have come much earlier.

But there was an easier way out. Comfortably ensconced under government patronage in the museum at Alexandria—that great precursor of the Institute for Advanced Studies—scientists were

tempted to concentrate instead on doing things they were good at. Intellectual dissatisfaction had largely evaporated. Hero of Alexandria was busy designing obol-in-the-slot machines for dispensing holy water, and hydraulic singing-birds for use as ostentatious table-decoration. Ptolemy was finding better and better ways of preparing nautical almanacs. On its own ground, Alexandrian science was without doubt a great advance on anything the Athenians could show. Yet, comparing the modest craftsmanlike Alexandrian science with the more dashing and speculative theories of classical Athens, I myself cannot help regretting the results of professionalization. Hero and Ptolemy had lost something essential, were no longer concerned in the same passionate way with natural philosophy. In so limiting their ambitions and expectations, the Hellenistic scientists turned their backs on the crucial issues; and the intellectual vacuum they left was quickly filled by gnostics, astrologers and fanatics.

The way was open for the burning of the libraries, and for what Gibbon called 'the triumph of barbarism and religion'. The chief glories of Greek science were soon denounced as pagan superstitions, and when Philoponus and Simplicius revived the old debates, they found the Academy closed and the scholars dispersed. The scientists of Athens were forced to wander—like Kepler and Einstein in later centuries—across the face of the earth.

Let me sum up in general terms the root source of the scientists' dilemma. While they enjoy the benefits of their new professional status, scientists should never let themselves entirely lose their amateur status. In his recent book, *The Next Million Years*, Sir Charles Darwin described man as an essentially *wild* animal. To this I now add that, of all men, scientists must be the last to let themselves become domesticated.

Fundamental Responsibilities

The fundamental responsibilities of science go far beyond the boundaries of any professional duty. In the last resort, science is one of the great critical activities, with a responsibility only to itself; like art, religion, ethics and politics, it can never be entirely professionalized. Since Hiroshima, some scientists have come to feel that their ultimate responsibility was to serve human welfare more faithfully, and they have thought that this required that they should pay more attention to applied research. I am not so sure about this. I feel all the more that their proper service is to further science itself. For it remains the permanent mission of the scientist to apply his intellect critically to the problem of understanding Nature. And suppose scientists, as a profession, ever do lower their sights—ever do reconcile themselves as a body to the demands of the military or the role of computing-machine minders; if that ever happens, they will leave a vacuum which will be quickly filled in the same way that it was before. And then it will be only a matter of time before the libraries burn again.

—Third Programme

Mr. L. S. Pressnell has edited *Studies in the Industrial Revolution presented to T. S. Ashton*, who is Emeritus Professor of Economic History at London University (Athlone Press, 42s.). The volume contains a bibliography of Professor Ashton's academic writings and twelve essays. These include: 'Clothiers and Weavers in Wiltshire during the Eighteenth Century' by Miss Julia de Lacy Mann; 'Population Change in a Provincial Town: Nottingham 1700-1800' by Professor J. D. Chambers; 'The Sub-contract System in the British Coal Industry' by Mr. A. J. Taylor; 'Atlantic Economy, 1815-60: the U.S.A. and the Industrial Revolution in Britain' by Mr. J. Potter; and Mr. Pressnell's own study of 'The Rise of Interest in the Eighteenth Century'.

'The Listener' Index

The Index to Volume LXII (July to December, 1959) will be published shortly and may be obtained free on application to the B.B.C. Publication Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1.

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Scientific Sixties?

LAST November, when (through the voice of Freddy Grisewood) Mr. Leslie Baily came to sum up the nineteen-forties in the B.B.C. programme 'Scrapbook for 1949' he called them—accurately enough—'the Frustrating Forties'. Similar epithets are already being coined for the nineteen-fifties, so that one wonders if the new decade which we have just entered will come to be equally dismissed because of those endless frustrations and disappointments that seem the characteristic of civilization in the twentieth century. Certainly, the likelihood of this would appear to be confirmed by a consideration either of the refugee camps which still survive from the second world war or of such troublous problems facing the world's statesmen as racial conflict, famine relief, and the raising of living standards in underdeveloped countries. Yet as we enter the sixties there does appear to be something of a new spirit abroad in the world.

One reason for this is undoubtedly the general political situation which is a little easier today than we have grown accustomed to expect, and certainly more relaxed than at the start of the last two decades of our history. Perhaps another reason lies in the change that has again taken place in popular regard for the scientist. The recent excitements of astronomy and exploration of the universe by rocket have captured the public imagination as the most striking achievements of science so far. Men's minds have at last been turned from associating scientists, as closely as they did in the fifties, with the hydrogen bomb. This is an encouraging fact at a time when science does appear to have become 'an estate of the realm' as Professor Stephen Toulmin suggests in a talk printed today on another page. In this broadcast (the first of a group of Third Programme talks surveying 'the nineteen-sixties') Professor Toulmin discusses the dilemma of those scientists who are servants of industry or the state. He insists that they must never allow themselves to lose entirely their critical integrity.

This plea is a renewal of the best traditions that have always animated the spirit of scientific inquiry, as for instance when the early members of the Royal Society 'met weekly (sometimes at Dr. Goddard's Lodgings, sometimes at the Mitre in Wood-street hard by) . . . with certain Rules agreed upon amongst us. Where we barred all Discourses of Divinity, of State-Affairs, and of News confining our selves to Philosophical Inquiries, and such as related thereunto'. Freedom from control and from enslavement by either the military research programme or the industrial gadget programme will be preserved for the British scientist, as long as the Government continues to give generous support to all bodies that enjoy academic freedom. Some firms, which are anxious to increase the output of scientists and themselves to acquire well-trained scientists for their own purposes, have of recent years been giving financial assistance to scientific education. So long as this assistance is provided through institutions which have behind them a long tradition of intellectual independence, one may expect that the scientist's freedom will not be threatened. It could well be that the most important discovery of the sixties will be born—like so many earlier discoveries—out of purely scientific speculation.

What They Are Saying

The sideways mirror

MOSCOW RADIO has been appealing to state organizations to show more trust in the honesty of the Russian public. A broadcaster on the home service said that he would like to give praise to the Moscow Town Executive Committee's trolley-bus service but explained why he was inhibited from doing so:

The trolley on route number 24 is operated without a conductor. The driver courteously opens the doors for old ladies and young children, and announces the next stop clearly through a microphone. We would like to praise, but one thing prevents us. A mirror—a nice little mirror, fixed at the driver's eye-level in the driving cab. Usually, this mirror is used to make it easier to keep an eye on old-age pensioners and little children under school age as they mount the steps. But some drivers use it for other, less humane purposes. With this mirror they spy on the passengers. Maybe someone will get in without dropping his 40 kopeks into the iron money-box slit.

The commentator then declared that, in fact, the first thing a passenger does is to drop in his money. If he has no change he is very embarrassed and asks for some. In short, no one dreams of cheating the state. The broadcaster went on:

Now the passenger goes into the self-service store of the Kuybyshev Rayon food trading organization, No. 12. He makes his choice and goes to the desk to pay. The cashier checks up the things he has bought. Is that all? No. Behind a special partition sits the checker, the second line of defence. Is that enough? Not likely! It turns out that the director is also on the shopper's trail; he sits behind a wide observation window in the body of the shop, and his vigilant eye seizes upon every suspicious movement of the buyers. Have they stuffed a packet of semolina in their pockets? Have they hidden bottles of olive oil in their coat-fronts? The Soviet commentator then described a third experience:

Just try to get an accordion or a sewing machine on hire-purchase in, let's say, the Shcherbakovskaya Street sales department. You will have to face quite a lot of bother: show your identity card, fetch a reference from your place of residence, provide a reference from your place of work. One of your acquaintances or relatives has to give a written oath that you will not make off with the accordion or sewing machine. But seeing that they don't have much trust in the relative or acquaintance either, his signature has to be verified at the referee's place of work. Whose idea was this insult to every honest person? It was thought up in the bowels of the Moscow Town Executive Committee Everyday Amenities Board.

The Russian broadcaster concluded:

It is a very good thing that we now have trolley-buses without conductors, stores without counter-assistants, and household goods' hire-purchase salerooms, only we should not spoil such a beginning. Let us help people with an open heart—not with over cautiousness, with apprehension, with a sideways mirror in the corner.

A Warsaw home service commentator revealed that fifteen per cent. of listeners' letters had argued against a recent decision of the government regarding family allowances. One listener had inquired whether the state was 'not interested in a natural increase of the population' and if there were economic difficulties ahead. A woman listener had suggested that the question of restricted motherhood was primarily a matter of enlightenment and education, and not a matter for regulations which hit the poorest. The comment of the Polish broadcaster was:

Poland's economic progress cannot keep pace with the increasing population. In most cases both parents work nowadays, which makes education of children exclusively at home questionable. Overcrowded schools cannot yet fully take the place of parents, especially as the moral attitude of youth still leaves much to be desired.

The commentator went on to emphasize the importance of quality, as distinct from quantity, in the population. It was, he said, decisive for technical and scientific progress; and he added that Poland was 'still far behind the Soviet Union, Denmark, Sweden, and Britain'.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

'THE BOYARS' PLOT'

'AT LAST the Russians have released the film made by the famous Russian director Eisenstein which was suppressed by Stalin fourteen years ago', said DILYS POWELL in 'Critic at Large' in the General Overseas Service. 'It is called *The Boyars' Plot* and is the second part of a trilogy Eisenstein was making about the Russian Tsar Ivan the Terrible, which he left unfinished when he died.

'To understand the excitement this film is causing, perhaps one ought to look back a little. In 1929 a cinema club in London showed a silent film which was to become one of the most celebrated in the history of the screen: Eisenstein's *The Battleship Potemkin*. Here was a new grammar, a new style, a new inspiration in the cinema. In 1938 he made his first sound picture, *Alexander Nevsky*. Then came the war; and in the midst of it Eisenstein withdrew to a studio in central Asia to direct what was to be his crowning work, the trilogy on the life of Ivan the Terrible. Part I was finished in 1944 and widely shown. In 1946 the second part, *The Boyars' Plot*, was ready. Whether Stalin saw in its record of intrigue and treachery and cruelty too accurate a reflection of his own régime one cannot know: *The Boyars' Plot* was suppressed.

'This film tells the story of Ivan's struggle with the great reactionary land-owners of sixteenth-century Russia: a story of intrigue and cold-blooded violence. When the story opens the Tsar is already a solitary: his wife has been poisoned, his friends have deserted him and are plotting against him. Unexpectedly Ivan returns to Moscow with his faithful bodyguard, and urged by their leader he countenances the execution, without warning or trial, of a group of the leading noblemen. Finally, he discovers a plot by his own family to assassinate him, and by a cold-blooded trick he sends the amiable, dim-witted aspirant to the throne to die in his place.

'The music is by Prokofiev. The part of the Tsar is played by Nikolai Cherkasov: his portrait of a bitter, solitary man,



P. Kadochnikov as Vladimir Staritsky, cousin of the Tsar and aspirant to the throne, and (right) N. Cherkasov as Tsar Ivan the Terrible in *The Boyars' Plot*

suspicious, driven into cruelty and violence by the cruelty and violence which surround him, is among the most memorable achievements of screen acting. But what I should like to point out especially is the extraordinary visual style of the film. The leading figures might be the creation of some artist half-Rembrandt and half-El Greco. Behind them the dark Kremlin and the shadowy cathedral are like a vast mural, the walls covered with primitive, threatening, religious paintings. The extraordinary thing is that though most of the film is in black-and-white one gets the impression throughout that it is a painting: that one is seeing rich dark colours.

'I say most of the film is in black-and-white; but there are two sequences in colour—the only time Eisenstein ever used colour. These come towards the end, when Ivan is holding a banquet and his bodyguard break into a savage dance; the colour is interrupted by shots in black-and-white of the cathedral where the assassin waits to kill the Tsar. The dramatic effect of the blaze of colour on the one hand and the shadowy black-and-white of the cathedral on the other is indescribable'.

BIRDS OF THE REED-BEDS

'When very cold weather comes to East Anglia and snow-drifts begin to pile up, some birds feel the pinch much more quickly than others', said E. A. ELLIS in 'East Anglian Highlights'. 'Those that peck about in the treetops can generally go on finding enough food—insect eggs on the bark, and so on; gulls and starlings flock into towns and still manage to pick up something round farm buildings, too; fish-eaters, if they are swimmers and divers, go down to the sea when they are frozen



Above: bittern with an eel: the bittern is 'one of the first birds to die of starvation in a severe frost'. Left: bearded tits 'whose worst enemy is the snow'

Eric Hosking



Architect's drawing of the new Agnes Weston Royal Sailors' Rest at Devonport

out of fresh water. There is not only the food problem; the cold itself is a menace, especially to small birds: they can easily freeze to death in the night. So wrens, for instance, will collect in little parties and snug down together in a hollow tree or an old house martin's nest, if it is very cold. Some kinds of birds panic when hard weather sets in. They may all migrate suddenly in the middle of winter, going off to Ireland, perhaps in search of better conditions; and when cold hits countries on the other side of the North Sea at the same time, we find thousands of refugees rushing over here.

'We always become rather worried about two of the special birds of the Broads when blizzards come along. The weird, booming bittern that haunts the reed-beds is one of the first birds to die of starvation in a severe frost; it seems to have very little stamina. Its first reaction is to fly off, anywhere, when the pinch comes. You are as likely as not to find one taking refuge in your coalhouse, perhaps miles from the Broads, when you go out one snowy morning.

'I have heard of bitterns being found huddled in shop doorways in towns by policemen, and several that have come to grief on railway tracks. Away from the reed-beds, they do not know how to find food, so they just starve to death. If you should happen to meet with one of these birds, the best thing to do is to offer it a mouse, or, if you can get them, some sprats.

'The other reed bird likely to suffer is the bearded tit or reed-pheasant, as we call it, a little acrobat with a tinkling voice. In the great frost of 1947 it became almost extinct in England, but at the moment the population is greater than it has been probably for 100 years: well over 1,000 pairs, in East Norfolk and Suffolk. Snow is its worst enemy—preventing it from getting at seeds and insects in the marshes. Wardens on some of our nature reserves go out to scatter oatmeal for bearded tits in hard weather now, and it is a great help. These birds have a unique way of keeping warm at night: they cling together in dozens to form a fluffy ball, sheltering under the leaves of the sedge'.

'FAREWELL AGGIE WESTON'

A traditional institution which seems to be doing pretty well in the modern world is the 'Aggie Weston'—the Royal Sailors' Rest. A new one was opened recently at Devon-

port, and ALAN GIBSON described it in 'The Eye-witness'.

'In the last war', he said, 'the Navy produced a poet; I do not think it is too much to describe him as one of the outstanding British poets of the last decade—Mr. Charles Causley. These are some lines from his "Song of the Dying Gunner":

Farewell, Aggie Weston, the
Barracks at Guz,
Hang my tiddley suit on the door
I'm sewn up neat in a canvas sheet
And I shan't be home no more.

And he used the words "Farewell Aggie Weston" for the title of his first book of poems. It is a tribute to the place which Agnes Weston's Royal Sailors' Rests have come to fill in the lives of seamen.

'The new one at Devonport is so luxurious it has been suggested that it ought to be called the Royal Sailors' Ritz. The bed-sitting-rooms have hot and cold water, electric shaving sockets,

foam mattresses, and everything else you would expect in a good hotel. They can be booked for long periods, so a man can spend his whole leave there. The cabins, for shorter stays, are smaller, but equally comfortable. A bed-sitting-room costs 3s. 6d. a night, a cabin 2s. 6d. Breakfast in the restaurant costs 2s., bacon and egg included. There is a main hall, seating nearly 400; a smaller hall; a games room with two full-size billiard-tables and a table-tennis table; a television room; a quiet room; electric lifts; film projectors and radio in the public rooms.

'The décor is striking: modern but not garish, functional but not bleak. The Royal Sailors' Rests have always recognized the importance of décor. It was written of the first Devonport Rest—which was the first of them all—opened in 1876: "As the building was to compete for trade with the many public houses round about, the furnishings and decorations were made as attractive as possible. Gold leaf played a distinguished part in the brightening-up process, while many mirrors looked on the animated scene most reflectively".

'Gold leaf and mirrors are not distinguishing motifs of the new building, but the principle remains the same. For the aims of the society are clearly defined: they are the spiritual, moral, and physical well-being of men of the Royal Navy, their wives and families, and of other servicemen.

'But though the word "spiritual" comes first, and always has done, and the Rests were partly begun as a challenge to the notorious drunkenness of naval ports in the last century, Agnes Weston herself laid it down that the physical comforts were in no way to be conditional on spiritual or moral amendment. She insisted that the Rests were to be open to anyone, good or bad, with a creed or with none, drunk or sober. She was heavily attacked on this ground in her own lifetime. She went unswervingly on.

'An astonishing woman, a formidable woman, and yet clearly a lovable woman, whom sailors affectionately christened "Mother Weston". She would joke with them, pray with them, break up their street fights, put them to bed when they were drunk, write them innumerable letters. She lived, and died, for them. The noble new building at Devonport is a worthy memorial to one of the greatest, though one of the most uncharacteristic, of the Victorians'.



Agnes Weston

The Malaise of the German Intellectual

By FRIEDRICH BURSHELL

TO make clear what I mean by the malaise of the German intellectual, I would like to begin with a rather striking example. In his latest novel, the gifted, avant-garde writer Erich Nossak makes an author express what are obviously his own opinions. Here is the pertinent passage:

In Nevada, Australia, or Siberia they fool around with H-bombs. Books, books! Sometimes I have a feeling that it is criminal for us to go on writing books or searching for truth. We should lay off altogether and let you all go to hell. In Washington and Moscow they are laughing up their sleeves at us; and even the weighty provincial uncles in Bonn congratulate themselves and boast about democracy and the freedom of the press, because they are condescending to let us write our books. We help them so much, even when we protest, that they support us with subsidies. They do this to ease their conscience—and then go back to their practices with renewed vigour.

Many people in Germany talk like Nossak, and not only writers. The malaise of the intellectuals and their struggle against the threat of atomic destruction is certainly a European phenomenon; but the tone of voice is typically German. It is charged with typically German emotions, and is irresponsible and almost intentionally blind to facts. Considering recent East-West negotiations, it is absurd to suppose that responsible politicians are laughing up their sleeves at us. It is even more absurd to maintain that the Bonn Government distributes prizes to protesting authors in order to use them as an alibi for their alleged political sins. True enough—German authors of the opposition are being showered with substantial subsidies; but not by Bonn, rather by the various federal states and other institutions.

Attitude to Dr. Adenauer

Nothing could be more typical of the mentality of a certain type of intellectual than his attitude towards Dr. Adenauer. The more the leader of West Germany is revered by the people as a father figure who has made the best of things, the more embittered is the resentment. This is stated most clearly and explicitly in a best-seller called *This is the German Fatherland*. The author, Erich Kuby, is an extremely able spokesman of that voluble minority of intellectuals. If one is to believe Kuby, Dr. Adenauer is neither a statesman nor even a politician, but a sly juggler with power and an autocrat contemptuous of humanity, and devoid of ideas. How this unfair criticism, so often repeated, could arise is understandable only if one remembers its starting point—the time immediately after the German collapse. This collapse, in its completeness and horror, bore no comparison with the defeat of 1918.

Hungry and disorientated human beings moved amidst the rubble of ruined cities; they were beaten by want and by the pronouncement of collective guilt inflicted on them by the Allies. Like the attempt at re-education, this pronouncement was a grave psychological error. It showed no consideration for the resistance fighters or the thousands of mute opponents of the régime. By the time the first Federal President, Theodor Heuss, attempted to replace the idea of an untenable collective guilt with that of a collective shame, it was too late; his dignified words were wasted. But there were Germans during these years immediately after the defeat who would have been only too ready to break with the past. In those days German theologians believed that at this point of deepest degradation, repentance and grace were possible. Germany, who was responsible for the most terrible crimes, was to be chosen to set the world an example of Christian humility. All this was well meant, but over-intense in a typically German way. However, my German friends have told me that this period was their finest hour, and they have recalled it later with nostalgia.

They made their way across the rubble to visit each other in unheated flats for endless discussions over weak tea and cheap

Schnapps. They felt free, they were free, even though the military government of the Allies treated them like outcasts. The misery of their lives was appalling: it mattered little, weighed against the realization that they had escaped Nazi oppression and the bombs; and that they could now allay, if not their physical, at least their intellectual, hunger and re-establish contact with a world which had been closed to them for fifteen years. Few felt guilty, but almost all agreed enthusiastically to the Allied proclamation wishing to put an end once and for all to German militarism and aggressiveness. At last this seemed possible.

'Leave me out of it'

They remembered that during another period of political impotence, at the turn of the eighteenth century, Germany had led the world in the fields of art and philosophy. This time the Germans were far too stricken and reduced to produce anything of outstanding interest; and the same sterility reigned in politics. Since the German people seemed no longer to count, they lapsed into a sort of passive resistance—an attitude appropriately expressed in the slogan of the day: '*Ohne mich*'—'without me', or, rather, 'Leave me out of it'. And most of the intellectuals who would have been called upon to take action chose to abstain.

Meanwhile, it was the Americans who took action. Marshall aid began; Germans, the simple Germans, rolled up their sleeves, and with their proverbial zest brought about, within a short time, the economic miracle which surprised the world but not our intellectuals. They chose instead to ridicule it whenever they had the chance. That would have been only fair had they not themselves profited so eagerly from the new economy, and been able so soon to exchange their old Volkswagen for more expensive cars.

The author Erich Nossak, whom I have quoted, has admitted with ironic satisfaction that both he and his friends flourish in the much-maligned West Germany. Indeed it is amazing how many of them occupy key posts in publishing and in editorial offices. Naturally they do not belong to any party, and the slogan of a homeless left fits them to perfection. They may differ widely in their individual opinions. On one point, though, they are unanimous: they all have a negative attitude towards the official political organs of Bonn, and towards the alliance with the Western democracies.

For a time they could even claim to represent public opinion. When the Federal Government revised the question of rearmament, a popular poll showed that the majority of the people was against it, remembering the victor's propaganda which had branded all military activity by Germans as the worst of crimes. The day military service was decreed I saw a daily newspaper in Munich whose front page was heavily framed in black. I had just returned from England where I had spent fifteen years in exile, and ventured to remind my German acquaintances that signs of mourning had been less apparent at the time of Hitler's seizure of power. I also dared to point out that it would rouse little sympathy abroad if the prosperous Germany were to go on relying exclusively on foreign aid, without the least attempt to contribute towards its own defence. I was looked at with hostility, and must assume that only the facts of my biography saved me from being considered a fascist.

Protest against Authority

In the meantime the German people have become reconciled to rearmament, and it has further become clear that the officers of the new Federal Army are no longer arrogant Prussian guardsmen. The part played by the new German military caste no longer even remotely reflects the glamour of its former social pre-eminence. But our German intellectual refuses to see this; his protest is on principle directed against all authority; against

military might as well as the power of the state. For him power is a synonym of evil: this was put forward in a recent speech by Günther Eich, one of the most talented of the new German authors. It is once more the 'ohne mich'—'leave me out of it'—attitude, carrying with it a total misunderstanding of the nature of politics and a devastating ignorance of German history.

For Hitler, after all, could seize power only because the Weimar Republic allowed their legal authority to be wrested from them. Admittedly the German intellectuals as far back as the nineteen-twenties opposed power, too, under the banner of expressionism; but they meant by power only the right with its resurging German nationalism. They were filled with messianic hope. The leading anthologies of the day bore names like *The Dawn of Humanity* and *Rising*, and one periodical which I edited myself was even called *New Earth*. But this was a short though stormy period of revolutionary and utopian dreams.

Not a trace of all this is to be found in West Germany today. The intellectuals are deeply disillusioned; for them too the once brilliant lights of the great Russian revolution have gone out. Instead, many among them have developed a curious inferiority complex. A no less odious system, a sort of red fascism, may prevail in the eastern, communist-dominated zone, nevertheless, the intellectuals say, Eastern Germany has the best theatre, produced the greatest dramatist, Berthold Brecht, and now also the most interesting philosopher, Ernst Bloch (whom, let it be said, one could have discovered forty-five years ago at Heidelberg). Of course, a host of objections could be raised against conditions in Western Germany: against the misuse of the name of christianity in politics; against the indifference and the satiated complacency of citizens who have become a featureless mass of consumers and do not wish to be reminded of unpleasant facts. The recent German past remains unresolved, as is only too obvious; and not

only from the revolting sentences passed by certain German judges. Where the intellectuals protest against such symptoms they perform a useful task.

It is, however, a far cry from this kind of criticism to the remarks constantly overheard. 'There we go again', they grimly say, not without pride in their incorruptibility. What they mean is that conditions in the Federal Republic begin to resemble those of the nazi era. Nothing could be further from the truth. The latest outbreaks of anti-semitism and neo-nazism, though scribbles rather than writings on the wall, are shocking enough. But they had at long last the effect of uniting public and official opinion in the determination to stamp out every attempt of a nazi revival and of bringing about, especially in schools and universities, an unambiguous elucidation of past events.

After all, West Germany, in spite of all shortcomings, is a state with laws that guarantee democratic freedoms and punish racial provocations. It is not in Pankow, but in Bonn, that all serious attempts are made to compensate the victims of the nazi terror. It may have been a mistake to abolish the Communist Party which had anyway no chance of succeeding in the West; but it is both silly and damaging to speak of a suppression of freedom and a restitution of terrorist methods. One cannot very well label the politicians of a provisional and slightly absurd capital at one and the same time as village idiots and despots. The satire of the intellectuals misses its point. Their general ambivalence and rootlessness leads them, in spite of their ostentatious modernity, to traffic in worn out commonplaces and to draw contrasts in black and white.

The malaise of the German intellectuals, and their arrogance, discredits and ridicules the high ideal of freedom which they ought to serve. They refuse to see that the new German democracy is a very tender plant, in need of every possible care.

—Third Programme

Television in Australia—I

By G. J. MUNSTER

Mr. Munster, who is an Australian journalist on the staff of 'Nation', published in Sydney, was invited to discuss the present position and problems of television in Australia

SINCE the beginning of November the Australian Broadcasting Control Board has been holding extensive public hearings on television. Speeches and cross examinations by leading counsel have filled the pages of the newspapers at every step. There has been nothing to stir public indignation and little to titillate curiosity. But Australia's newspaper editors have felt the occasion to be a solemn one.

Australia is now reaching 'stage three' in its plans to spread television through the country. 'Stage one' was completed three years ago when transmission, national and commercial, started in Melbourne and Sydney. 'Stage two' was rounded off in the last quarter of 1959: Perth, Adelaide, and Brisbane became going concerns. The Board then called for applications for commercial licences in thirteen areas scattered through Tasmania, rural parts of Queensland, the capital city of Canberra, and country centres of New South Wales and Victoria. Forty-five eager applicants have presented themselves. But, more important, the why and how of commercial television, of who should receive licences and what programmes should and can be transmitted by licensees are for the first time coming up for public discussion.

The publicity for these hearings springs from the way in which the press is concerned with commercial television. At a first look this close and universal concern may seem distinctive of the Australian industry in contrast to British and United States arrangements. It might account for many of the directions commercial television has taken. But to an Australian there is little novelty in these alignments.

Australian newspaper owners and managers have always been versatile men, and the combination of newspaper ownership and entertainment has become usual. Few Australians nowadays

express surprise at the fact that the metropolitan newspaper groups should have substantial holdings in all the television stations operating, and the largest single groups of holdings in all but one station. What does distinguish the present proprietors from their predecessors is that they have come to draw a fairly firm line, at least six days of the week, between their two fields of operation. Commercial television, to which between 85 and 90 per cent. of the audience in Sydney and Melbourne switch, is not news and views. It is entertainment, and needs to be described and is properly judged in these terms.

In the three years since 'stage one' has been completed, the metropolitan commercial stations have not only captured between 85 and 90 per cent. of the viewers, and left between 10 and 15 per cent. to the stations of the Australian Broadcasting Commission. They have captured a large audience. At the end of September 1959, there was an estimated number of 335,000 sets in Sydney and 315,000 in Melbourne, a saturation of 56.3 per cent. of all homes in Sydney and 63 per cent. in Melbourne. Less than 40 per cent. of the homes in Melbourne and less than 45 per cent. of the homes in Sydney are without television sets.

But in recent months there seemed to be singularly little indication that anyone in Sydney, where I live, relied on television for news, information, or argument on any of the issues or events that excited people. For example, when Rupert Max Stuart, an aborigine, was sentenced to hang, appealed as far as the Privy Council, was rejected and finally granted a Royal Commission, it was newspaper accounts that people followed, newspaper reporters that hunted up new information, and newspaper campaigns that influenced events. And in the controversy which preceded the enquiries of the Australian Broadcasting Control Board into the allocation of rural television licences, now in progress, the controllers of Sydney television chose their newspapers. It was an editorial in the *Sunday Telegraph*, not a pro-

gramme on Sydney's Channel Nine, which made known the views of Sir Frank Packer. It was an article in the *Sydney Morning Herald*, signed by Mr. Rupert Henderson, which stated his case, not an interview on Sydney's Channel Seven.

Is this reliance on newspapers and broadcasting a temporary one, a matter of the yet limited number of television receivers? Sydney's two morning newspapers currently have a combined circulation of 400,000 copies in the metropolitan area. At a conservative estimate of 10,000 television receivers sold each month, television sets would reach newspaper sales next March. There have however been few signs that the channels have any intention of breaking into the news field.

Few News Bulletins

Television started with a whole series of transmissions of the Olympic Games in Melbourne, flown up in the form of film to Sydney for casting on the same night. That was an opportunity offered by a unique event. Since then among the rare events that newspapers and commercial television channels have covered with equal assiduity have been the crusade of Billy Graham. Over the three years, even formal news bulletins have been cut down severely. Sydney's Channel Nine currently transmits only one bulletin, for fifteen minutes at peak hours. Sydney's Channel Seven runs three bulletins, but the third has, in the peak-hour period, only recently been restored and lasts four minutes. For months this channel offered no early evening news. Everybody seems happy with the present division of labour between what the Americans call 'communications' and 'entertainment'.

The exceptions are Sunday afternoons and evenings when the channels in both Melbourne and Sydney transmit interviews with men and women who are expected to make 'newsworthy' statements. The classification of such programmes is problematic. Some viewers obtain a good deal of entertainment from them, especially when well-known journalists and editors who act as interviewers are floored by their intended victims. Others genuinely enjoy seeing a variety of men and women, about whom they normally only read, in action and in the flesh. The newspapers next morning adopt a third alternative. In the light of the sub-editorial rooms and with the aid of inverted commas, views become news. If the newspaper's associated channel transmitted the programme, full details of the channel and the interviewers are given. If another station yielded the 'news' Mr. Prominent said those very words 'on television' or 'last night' for short.

Licences for Television

How has television assumed its distinctive Australian shape? Not long after the war, the Chifley Labour Government decided to install a national service beginning in the metropolitan areas. In 1949 it had got to the stage of calling for equipment. At the end of 1949, this government lost office, and the plans and tenders were forthwith scrapped by the new Postmaster-General, Mr. Anthony, a Country Party member of the Liberal-Country Party coalition led by Mr. Menzies. Mr. Anthony explained that the equipment proposed would be an investment in obsolescence; colour and three-dimensional television was imminent overseas, and Australia should wait and see. A year later, however, Mr. Anthony changed his views. He thought commercial licensees should develop television without competition from a national corporation. The funds would be found by contractors and recovered by them from advertising revenue. These proposals were immediately opposed by a section of the Labour Party and by some of the churches. The compromise that has then come into existence was first proposed by Dr. Evatt as Leader of Labour—that licences be granted to both a government commission and a limited number of commercial licensees. In 1953, a Royal Commission was held to inquire into all aspects of television and a number of recommendations for the conditions under which licences be granted were made and adopted. The national licensee was the Australian Broadcasting Commission, which had been in sound transmission for nearly twenty-five years when it started in television.

The entertainment that commercial television offers, during the peak hours of 6.30 and 9.30 p.m., is, by and large, American films. The last Report of the Control Board showed that 88 per cent.

of television film imported into Australia comes from the United States and 9 per cent. from Britain. For peak hours, and making allowance for the fact that British films include educational features used by the Australian Broadcasting Commission during the day, the percentage of American films is even higher. This is less a matter of taste than availability. British representatives say that they have sold out all film episodes from Britain well ahead, and that there are few prospects of better supplies. So far, there have been no Australian television films, but one series, made by an overseas company, is now on the way. Live productions, during peak hours, are a tiny proportion. A report circulated by Mr. Hector Crawford, an Australian producer, showed that some months ago the programmes, with the exception of news and some 'quizzes' that gave little employment to Australian artists, were purely imported films. Since then, a slight improvement, from the Australian point of view, has been made: two large companies have sponsored Australian written or Australian performed plays.

Many Imported Films

One of the reasons for Australia's reliance on imported films is their low price. Episodes that cost \$40,000 or \$45,000 to make apiece, are sold in Australia for something like £160 sterling for Sydney or Melbourne transmission. To get back its costs, an Australian company would have to sell rights over, say, 120 similar stations. To secure this widespread release is, as many people know, a matter of difficult and delicate negotiations in the United States. And although Australian commercial licensees formally undertook to produce a substantial number of Australian programmes, they are now unable to go far in this direction. There are some groups who urge the Government to introduce quotas, and others who have urged a kind of excise on foreign productions which will create a pool of capital for Australian programmes. These proposals have made little headway so far.

This development of commercial television into 'home cinema' has presented the Australian Broadcasting Commission with more than one dilemma. Its first problem is cost. Though it now has outlets in five capital cities, it, too, finds imported films considerably cheaper. Secondly, the money for its expenditure comes by grant from the Federal Government, and the Commission, in practice, has to satisfy the Federal Government that its programmes are liked by a sufficient number of viewers. Thirdly, it has found commercial television both a more moneyed and a more aggressive competitor than commercial sound broadcasting.

In sound broadcasting the Australian Broadcasting Commission was, in its twenty-five years, able to establish a distinctive personality. It was clearly ahead in classical music, and its interest in this raised it to being Australia's leading musical impresario, sponsoring concert tours which are still a source of substantial revenue. In news it developed an independent service with, among other establishments, its own well-staffed Canberra bureau, which has provided active competition to the newspapers themselves. Commercial sound broadcasting has made few serious attempts to compete against these features. But in television the A.B.C. finds life less clear-cut. Music gains little on the screen, and its news service competes with its own wireless feature. Its programmes of interviews, for long a popular feature on sound, are emulated by commercial television. If national television attempted to address itself to a minority, by programmes of a frankly limited interest, it would strike yet another obstacle. The fare of commercial television has selected the audience—the buyers of television sets. Few people will spend the sums still required to have the choice of only one channel. The A.B.C. must work with the audience that commercial television has largely created. Its great advantage is the absence of advertisements.

A second article by Mr. Munster will be published in a future number of THE LISTENER

A second edition has been published of Lord Morrison of Lambeth's book *Government and Parliament, A Survey from the Inside* (Oxford University Press, 30s.). In it, in addition to a few footnotes that have been added and minor revisions made, a new twenty-page epilogue has been included in order to bring the book up to date.



Leh, the capital of Ladakh, formerly part of the Tibetan Empire: an engraving after a drawing by George Trebeck, one of the companions of William Moorcroft during his travels in the early nineteenth century

The Passion of William Moorcroft

By FRANCIS WATSON

TWENTY years ago—twenty years and six months to be more precise—I first saw the high snows of the Himalaya. I have only to close my eyes and they are there again: the exact outlines, white against the blue, of that group of fortress-peaks—Trisul, Nanda Devi, Nanda Kot, and further to the east Panch Chuli; but little more than the outlines, for this was in June, on an auspicious dawn on the Binsar Ridge in Kumaon.

The overwhelming moment came when those majestic shapes proclaimed themselves, as the light lifted, not clouds but mountains. For they had no visible connexion with the earth on which we live. It was another world, half-way up the sky, with the bluish atmosphere intervening again between the snow-peaks and the heaving sea of 8,000-foot ridges at my feet. The peak of Trisul, Shiva's trident, was forty miles from where I stood; and behind it, forty miles northward again, must be the Niti pass. Somewhere up there, heaved up in the Tertiary Age, geologically young but old enough when the *Vedas* were composed, was the plateau of western Tibet and the mysterious water-parting where the great rivers are born, and the legendary lake of Mansarowar, and Kailash, holier than Olympus, guarded by nothing but the incredible difficulties of the pilgrimage.

At last, I thought then, I know what it is to look north in India. More recently, with Indians looking north with new feelings and anxieties, their Prime Minister declared that the common reaction to events in Tibet was not wholly political, nor wholly religious, but instinctive. In the Himalayan region legalistic frontier-arguments cannot be taken back more than fifty years or so. Maps themselves were either wholly blank or largely conjectural as late as 1808, which was the year in which William Moorcroft, veterinary surgeon, came to India. Four years later, in June 1812, Moorcroft was moving upwards from Almora into that unknown world of the central Himalaya, by paths that must have been strewn with fallen rhododendron-blossoms as they were for me in June 1939. He had with him, besides servants,

two Hindu pandits who knew the pilgrim-ways: and, carrying the compass, was Captain Hyder Hearsey, of that notable Anglo-Indian family whose descendants are still in those parts—a year or two ago someone sent me a newspaper-cutting revealing that two aged ladies of the Hearsey line were in acute but uncomplaining distress on account of the changes in land-tenure.

Moorcroft was the first European to cross the Niti pass—his head swimming and blood pouring from his mouth at 16,600 feet. To do so he had to placate or outwit the agents of Gurkha authority, and both he and Hearsey wore Indian dress and gave themselves out as pilgrims. Having crossed the pass, he knew that he was out of Hindustan and in Tartary, where he must negotiate with Tibetans and Chinese. Across this natural and age-old frontier, at these tremendous heights, hardy hillmen drove hardy flocks at the appropriate season, and trade trickled on pack-animals. The hillmen faced the hazards of brigandage or of some remote dynastic rivalry as fatalistically as those of blizzard or falling rock. Moorcroft faced them also, and got through as often as not by sheer boldness—until, coming down out of Tibet on the return journey, his party was at length heavily outnumbered, captured, and in danger of their lives until the Calcutta authorities, warned by a secret message sent down into the plains, had the delicate and troublesome task of securing their release.

This was just before the Gurkha wars, and if knowledge of Moorcroft's audacious project had reached Calcutta in time—which he clearly took care it should not—he would have been recalled. Yet he brought back the first sound foundation for the geographical knowledge which at last established the origins and early course of the Indus, the Brahmaputra, the Ganges, and the Sutlej. He also brought back, rather incredibly in all the circumstances, fifty goats of the mountain-breed which produced (and still produces) the fine wool for the weavers of Kashmir. And immediately he began to plan a second and much more ambitious expedition into the contorted wilderness of mountains which

stretched with their scattered and hidden peoples in a huge arc between India and central Asia.

The East India Company, which employed him for his veterinary knowledge as superintendent of its cavalry stud, did nothing to encourage him. But Moorcroft could not be stopped. He was a man with an obsession. And on this second adventure the obsession took him north-westwards, far beyond the reach of the Company's administration which had only in the last few years been pushed up to Delhi to grasp the falling sceptre of the Moghul. Beyond Delhi, beyond the Sutlej, were the Sikhs, on whom Moorcroft paid a call at the court of Ranjit Singh in Lahore, to obtain from that formidable ruler such goodwill and safe-conducts as he needed to take his caravan northwards through the mountain-fiefdoms of tributary chiefs, higher and higher into the blank spaces of the map, over the Bara Lacha Pass—as high as Niti—into Buddhist Ladakh.

In Ladakh he spent two years; then westwards under the Karakoram range into Kashmir, where he spent ten months; from there, in 1823, down into the Upper Punjab by the Pir Panjal—again a new route; thence to Kabul on the road taken by Elphinstone and his embassy to the Afghans a dozen years before; and so, after a brief embroilment in a feud for power, over the last pass to the last unknown stretch, the journey to Bokhara. Moorcroft and his young companion George Trebeck were the first Englishmen to enter that city, 'which for five years', he wrote, 'had been the object of our wanderings, privations, and perils'.

On the way back towards India, in the wild country where today Soviet Turkmenistan marches with Afghanistan, Moorcroft and Trebeck both met their deaths. A faithful Muslim follower succeeded in taking safely to Kabul most of Moorcroft's papers. In one of his long-winded, defiant letters he had written: 'If I fall or fail, the Company will receive for my salary only the compensation of such local knowledge as I may have acquired in countries wholly new to Europeans'. Fifteen years after his death an account of the long and wandering journey to Bokhara was edited from the journals, and in the meantime other travellers, and less amateur surveyors, had been filling in the map. But Moorcroft's name had become legendary along 1,500 miles of mountain and ravine, from the Hindu Kush to Lhasa. He was chasing shadows, complained his critics in the East India Company. He even transmitted from Ladakh a proposal whereby that territory would have accepted British protection. That would not do, and it was turned down. But today, when argument runs high about the proper and traditional frontier of Ladakh with Tibet, William Moorcroft has been quoted as a trustworthy witness.

We are looking at him from our own period, a period of frontier-fixation. Our geography

is—or seems to be becoming—the geography of the electrified wire fence. His was fluid. The lie of the giant ribs of rock, the course of the streams far down in their ravines, were fixed by nature and awaited identification by the traveller. But frontiers were like the passes where they were often found—something to be crossed. People moved about their business, recognized by their speech or dress, intermingling as it suited them, though attentive to the elaborate game of patience required with various distant authorities. This was the high world northward from the plains of Hindustan; this was central Asia. In a Buddhist monastery in Ladakh Moorcroft was shown a telescope bearing the name of an English maker. He surmised that it was one of the presents sent to Lhasa from Bengal in the seventeen-seventies on one of the two tentative trade missions pushed up into eastern Tibet by the imagination of Warren Hastings. It was like finding evidence of silt brought from far places by a river.

It is no longer so. Today the pilgrim from Ladakh must take the consequences of being designated a Tibetan by the Chinese, and the Muslim traders from Kashmir whom Moorcroft found so well entrenched on the mountain routes are seeking in face of stubborn obstacles to assert the rights of Indian nationality. Indian trade agencies in Tibet survive, but precariously. They are, or were, what Moorcroft would have called factories, in the terms of a trade treaty which he boldly concluded with Ladakh on his own initiative. Though he speaks with a late-eighteenth-century voice in his intense and intelligent examination of ways of husbandry and rural economics, the floating gardens of the Kashmir lakes or some starved and stony mountain-terrace, there is also something Elizabethan in the obstinate enterprise of Moorcroft. His negotiations with the Ladakhis at Leh read like something that Sir Thomas Roe might have drafted two centuries earlier for the approval of the Great Moghul. Only Roe

was an ambassador and Moorcroft was not. He was a veterinary official on the last of his paid leave, which his employers stopped in order to remind him of his business.

His business was horses. He had persuaded the authorities that what was needed was new breeding blood, not Arab but preferably English or Turcoman. If a plan to send him back to England to choose fresh stock had been carried out, the story would have been different. He himself, almost from the beginning, seems to have been determined to find the horses in central Asia. So it begins with horses and it ends with them. A note in his hand which I copied in the India Office Library, because it seemed at the time a sort of epitaph, runs thus:

Before I quit Turkestan I mean to penetrate into that tract which contains, probably, the best horses in Asia, but with which all intercourse has been suspended during the last five years. The experiment is full of hazard, but *le jeu vaut bien la chandelle*.



'Upwards from Almora into that unknown world of the central Himalaya'

Peter Holmes

The game was nearly played out then, and the candle burning low. But what was the game? People far more expert than I are still working on the formidable mass of the Moorcroft papers, and I have heard it suggested that he was a secret agent. But who paid him, and for what? It does not seem that Calcutta was in the secret, and Moorcroft's reports of Russian penetration and influence in central Asia were disregarded. But a driving purpose did exist. Simply to call it trade would be misleading. Moorcroft was not a tradesman. He had spent most of his career, before going to India, in a highly successful professional practice. It seems that he lost a great deal of money by the failure of a project for the manufacture of iron horse-shoes. That might indeed suggest that he went to India to recoup his fortunes. But he did not make an obviously mercantile approach to the problem, though it later became apparent that he could talk to businessmen. It was Calcutta firms who backed his second expedition with goods and credit, but only after he had tried to get official support and failed. He failed also in his request to the authorities for a letter to the Amir of Bokhara. All that he got from them was paid leave, and when they stopped the pay he financed himself.

Naturally he said that he was not looking for personal profit. People do say that, but in Moorcroft's case I suspect it to have been truer than in most. The passion that came to burn in him—and no spark of it is to be detected before he came to India in middle life—was a passion for trade as communication. The word for it that he uses as often as not is 'intercourse'. He protested that he was seeking to open new markets for British enterprise as a whole. He had a vision of Lancashire woven goods and Birmingham hardware carried on pack-animals from India into central Asia in exchange for borax, medicinal rhubarb, musk, gold, and Kashmir shawl-wool.

In Search of the Ancient Trade Routes

So, thinking of Moorcroft in the company of the adventurers, one sees the mighty ranges and the hidden tableland beyond them as the last ocean for discovery. The seas were for connexion, for intercourse, and so was this. What he really went to look for in western Tibet was a way to Yarkand and the ancient trade routes of central Asia that Marco Polo had recorded. It was with the same hope that he remained for two years in Ladakh, trying by every means to secure the Chinese permits that would admit him and his merchandise to Yarkand, and there to the old east-west Silk Road that would take him to Bokhara. He investigated and inquired after every route and trail—including, of course, those routes which the Chinese of today have modernized without asking India's permission: the farthest point that he was able to get to himself in the Yarkand direction was somewhere near where the Indian police-patrol was attacked by the Chinese last October, that is to say well inside Ladakh. But even Moorcroft's phenomenal persistence could not succeed in unlocking Yarkand. Hence the sojourn in Kashmir and the difficult journey down to the lower, shorter, and geographically more obvious route which, given his good relations with Ranjit Singh, he could have taken in the first place if he had wanted to, if he had been free of his magnificent obsession.

Who woke that ambition in him? Indians, I think. Perhaps, in the first place, Mir Izzet Ullah, whose cairn also deserves a white stone. When Moorcroft, in the light of his early success at the Company's stud, received a government credit for pursuing the idea of new blood, he dispatched Mir Izzet Ullah on a pilot-journey, and this intrepid Muslim did in fact reach Yarkand, through Kashmir and over the Karakoram, and thence to Bokhara and back through Kabul—a remarkable journey by any standards. Mir Izzet Ullah was with him afterwards in Ladakh as friend, interpreter, and special scout for the Yarkand road. But there were others. I imagine that many strange figures had sat under Moorcroft's verandah at Pusa before the two Hindu pandits who talked of the hard way to the sacred lake, and the high summer-pastures of yaks and goats and Tibetan ponies, and the black tents of Gartok and the seasonal departures for Yarkand. He proved himself a wonderful mixer, apt for the varying ceremonials and respectful of religious practices among the peoples he encountered, ready to listen to an old peasant-woman's story or to help a stranded pilgrim, eating whatever was offered,

taking the extremes of exposure or hardship as others had to take them.

Reputation from the Medicine Chest

Some, but not all, of the legendary reputation that he left across all the high country was acquired by his medicine-chest, his instrument-case and his professional skill. The Raja Sansar Chand, who had a portrait of Alexander the Great among his illustrious predecessors, was cured at the point of death when all religion, science, and magic had failed; and Moorcroft's methods in this case, of which he declined to give more than a grim hint, seem to have been those of a 'vet' with a powerful horse-draught. But he was qualified as a surgeon also. He operated for cataract on many poor hill-people, he saved lives and secured sacrificial loyalty; and during his stay in Kashmir he had patients by the thousand on every Friday, which he kept as open day for the sick. Their diseases and their condition, he recorded, were for the most part loathsome.

I think of this particularly because Moorcroft was said by his editor to have become disgusted in England by the sort of people he had to do with, even those of station and respectability, in his successful practice. There were many occurrences, it was reported, 'unpleasant to a man of cultivated taste and warm temper'. This was the man who, suffering from fever at Tibetan altitudes, patiently argued with his pandit companion the authenticity of Vedic accounts of the birth of the sacred rivers; the man whose credit was saved at a critical time, when the East India Company failed him, by the simple trust and friendship of a trader from Yarkand; the man who commented happily, as he organized his party of thirty or forty for the journey from Kashmir for Bokhara, that perhaps it comprised 'the greatest variety of nations that ever marched together: English, Hindustanis, Gurkhas, Tibetans, Afghans, Persians, Kashmiris, Kurds and Turks'.

What was awaiting him when he sailed for India to look after horses was not just a job that might set him on his feet after an unwise speculation. It was fulfilment; and surely entirely unexpected by him until its direction was revealed almost as in a vision. I would not say it was simply the vision of the high snows, for it was the path that he watched, and all that lived or happened or was cultivated beside it. I remember watching the first part of that path, where the grass-cutters stumble downwards with their head-loads and the bells of the pack-animals sound like water as they move so slowly towards the hidden passes. And then the enormous heights of snow, the other, unconnected world. But for Moorcroft it was the connexion that mattered.

—Third Programme

Communism in India

(concluded from page 248)

communism had no genuine instinctive regard for India's national interests. And this was likely to cause the Communist propaganda to fail on all the other points on which it might otherwise have been effective—on the more spectacular success of China in economic development, the muddles and failure of the Indian Government in increasing food supply, academic unemployment, the archaism of Indian society and its manifold injustices.

One of the first acts of nemesis came on February 1. General elections were held in Kerala. The Indian constitution provides that when a government has been suspended, as the Communist Government in Kerala was suspended last summer, a general election should be held within a short time. At this election the Communists have been crushingly defeated. The fact that they could be represented as a fifth column of a foreign power hostile to India was certainly one of the causes.

The fatal influence of its foreign connexions has therefore weakened Indian communism throughout its history. If communism in India had been able to deliver its challenge to the holders of power in a kind of closed political system, or if India had been satisfied that a Communist government would not sell out India's interests to Russia or China, the tale might have been different. But the Communists incurred their slur. They have never been able to free themselves from it.—European Services

Rock Paintings in South Africa

By SIR HERBERT READ

THE rock paintings found in various regions of South Africa and in the Sahara present an archaeological problem which has not yet been satisfactorily solved. Stylistically these paintings are related not only to others inside the African land mass, but have close similarities to the rock paintings found along the eastern regions of Spain, from Lerida in the north to Cadiz in the south. These rock paintings have characteristics that distinguish them from the cave-paintings of the palaeolithic period: they depict groups rather than individuals, and introduce human beings in association with each other and with the animals. They are usually ascribed to the Mesolithic period—that is to say, to the rather vague stretch of time between the Late Palaeolithic and the Neolithic periods. The stylistic unity of the Mesolithic rock paintings is so strong that it has been suggested (notably by Professor M. C. Burkitt) that northern Africa was the cradle of a culture which spread northwards to Spain and southwards to South Africa.

In South Africa the rock paintings have been ascribed to those wandering tribes known as Bushmen, a primary South African race now extremely rare (if it exists at all in its original purity) and not to be confused with the Hottentots and Negroes who have replaced them. Only the pygmy races of central Africa may be genuine survivors of the people responsible for the paintings, and they remain a mystery. Even their ethnographic type is uncertain—it is not even clear that they were negroid or black in pigment, though it is generally agreed that they were of pygmy-like stature. The evidence of the rock paintings is most confusing, as we shall see.

This evidence still awaits comprehensive publication and classification, though a beginning has been made in publications devoted to the separate areas of Spain, the Sahara, and South Africa. During the war (in January, 1942), Field-Marshal Smuts invited the Abbé Breuil to begin a survey of the South African material, and the publication of a series of magnificent volumes was begun with aid from the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation. Three volumes have been issued so far, all devoted to sites in the Brandberg, 'a massive, ravine-split hump of granite rising above the level expanse of the Namib Desert in South-West Africa'. The third volume, just published*, describes the paintings discovered by Lieutenant von Jochmann in 1909 in the Tsisab Ravine, where also is situated the 'White Lady of the Brandberg' to which the Abbé devoted the first volume of the series. The Abbé is very attached to this White Lady, and has written several lyrical accounts of her great beauty in Pateresque prose ('eternally she walks there, young, beautiful and supple, almost aërian in poise . . . May she teach her visitors the cult of the things of the Spirit, and of Beauty; may they learn from her, as did our ancient animal artists, to soar upwards above common utilitarianism to those realms where blossom the visions of the

Soul . . .'). Dr. Kühn, in 1930, did not even think the figure was female, though he paid tribute to its free, rhythmical composition.

The Abbé Breuil is a venerable scholar whose services to prehistoric art are incalculable. But he is also a sentimentalist, and his interpretations of the rock paintings are poetic rather than scientific. There may be something to be said for giving romantic names to particular figures or scenes, if only for purposes of easy identification; and he may be right about the sex of the White Lady. But he passes from a descriptive labelling to a fanciful interpretation which, if it is not altogether misleading, is decidedly

embarrassing. For example, one of the most striking of the rock paintings in the Tsisab Ravine is a procession of female figures; their bodies are ornamented with beads and they are carrying what most archaeologists have interpreted as bows. In their vicinity is a giraffe and a group of springbok. In the Abbé's description this becomes 'The Girls' School Shelter', and the procession 'a file of girls' led by a 'duenna, or schoolmistress'. The duenna is supposed to be carrying a fan or a sistrum, 'and the object she carries across



Procession of female figures

From 'The Tsisab Ravine'

her bust seems to be ariding whip' (what did she ride?).

Similar sentimental interpretations abound in the descriptions of the other plates. To give one more example, a group of gesticulating figures is called 'Rock of the Dispute' and is said to be 'a rather humorously presented incident in daily life'. One figure 'appears to be in a violent rage, gesticulating threateningly and screaming abuse. The second woman listens to this with an air of affected indifference . . . The father of the family approaches slowly, with a measured step, while another person, also gesticulating, informs him of the reason for the dispute'. Another figure 'represents someone asking forgiveness and pardon from the father of the family'.

Our objection is not merely that such interpretations are fanciful or unwarranted, but rather that they are out of tune with the general character of prehistoric art, which is anything but domestic and sentimental. It may be said, in defence of the Abbé Breuil, that, in the absence of any specific evidence of the beliefs and habits of the people who made the paintings, one guess is as good as another. But some facts we do know about the Bushmen—for example, that their view of life was magical; and this implies, as Kühn has pointed out, that the corresponding art is naturalistic—to the Bushman 'the object is reality, not symbolism or essential meaning, as in the animistically inclined Negro. . . . Thus also the art of this phase recognizes only the real and the copy of the real. It has no idols, no portraits of the gods; that which is depicted is the reality of everyday experience'. This is the everyday experience of a nomadic, hunting people, dependent for their lives on the killing of animals, a preoccupation to which all their ritual and magic is subordinated. There are very few of these rock paintings which cannot be interpreted in the light of

* *The Tsisab Ravine*, By Abbé Henri Breuil, with the collaboration of Mary E. Boyle, Dr. E. R. Scherz, and R. G. Strey. Published by the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation through the Trianon Press, and distributed by Collins, £11 11s.

this obsessive preoccupation. The only exception is connected with prehistoric man's other obsession—death. One of the most remarkable paintings in the Tsisab Ravine shows a figure, supposed to be a personification of Death, in the act of devouring human beings, and to the right of it two elongated skeletal figures described by the Abbé as 'infernal spirits'. But even here the interpretation is precarious, for skeletons do not usually display an infibulated male sex organ, and a comparison with aboriginal rock paintings in Australia shows that a thread-like body may be a normal convention for the living figure. In general, figures (from the slender and thread-like to the plump and steatopygous) and features (negroid, semitic, angular, aquiline) and pigments

(black, yellow, red, white) show a bewildering variety and, apart from magic, signify nothing but the liberty of the artist.

The problem of the significance of these and other prehistoric paintings will continue to exercise the ingenuity of archaeologists and ethnologists for a long time to come, but meanwhile they can be enjoyed as works of art, especially in the luxurious format given to the reproductions in the present volume by the Trianon Press. On the aesthetic beauty and vitality of the paintings, especially those of animals, one can share the Abbé Breuil's enthusiasm, and be deeply grateful for the great work he has done in travelling to these remote regions of Africa and recording these works of art for the benefit of the civilized world.

Hue and Eye

R. A. WEALE on the deception of colour

YOU'RE the right colour', the rose said to Alice, 'and that goes a long way'.

The right colour: how many of our actions and experiences are governed by it! The right colour of a steak, of traffic lights, of the sky in a colour transparency, of lipstick. Rightness is a matter of opinion: it may be confirmed by fashion, tradition, or even, as in weddings, merely by symbolism. Each one of us is not only its best but its only reliable judge. As a sage observed: 'If I see a certain colour, and you do not, there's no authority higher than I to whom I may appeal to settle the problem of what I see. My direct experience becomes authoritative for me at least, if for no one else'.

Why Red and Green Traffic Lights?

This authority of direct experience of colour appears to many people to bestow a licence for theorizing about colour, as seen not only by themselves but also by their cat, dog, and goldfish. How can one theorize about colour? Obviously one has to make some observations, accidental or intended. Because it is easy to get all sorts of coloured pieces of paper, we can all have a go. For example, it is easy to show that, if small pieces of paper are equally light, only red and blue-green are readily identified at a great distance; yellow and blue turn to grey. This explains why the principal traffic and signal lights are red and bluish green. Again, whereas in broad daylight a given yellow-green may appear lighter than any other colour, blue-green tops the bill at dusk.

You will appreciate that in this type of experiment we are examining colour sensations: no measurement is necessarily made. If we wish to inquire more closely into the mechanism of colour perception, we have to use complicated pieces of apparatus. Experiments with such gear generally involve the accurate measurement of light of various colours. One of the most celebrated of such studies deals with colour matching. Over 150 years ago it was found that every colour of the rainbow can be matched by varying only the amounts—not the nature—of three independent coloured lights. This discovery accounts for a large number of apparently disconnected visual effects, and gave rise to the three-colour or trichromatic theory of colour vision, named after its chief propounders, Young and Helmholtz. In its most modern form it states that any one of our colour responses can be ascribed to the stimulation of the eye by light of not more than three factors. These may well be three chemical substances in the retina, but we are not sure about that yet. Colour photography, colour television, in fact all types of colour reproduction said to give rise to the 'right colour', use this triple principle, as you can confirm for yourself by inspecting a colour print with a simple magnifying glass.

When we talk about the 'right colour' we are mainly concerned with the nature of our sensations: what matters is whether or not they match sensations produced by another coloured object, or even sensations that are remembered. Different conditions giving rise to similar sensations can be measured, and hence are much

studied by physicists. Psychologists, on the other hand, are concerned less with the physical means of colour production than with the nature of the sensation, an important but much more difficult aspect of colour work. They point out that the triple stimulus theory fails to explain why, if a mixture of blue and green lights produces the in-between sensation of blue-green, a mixture of red and green does not give rise to red-green but to yellow. I think this charge is unfair because the theory has so far professed to deal only with amounts of light, not with its nature. But though the charge may be unfair, the facts are true; for this reason there exist other theories, notably one due to Hering but attributable to Goethe. Whatever their merits, they remind us that no single theory has so far succeeded in embodying in a single system everything that can be observed in connexion with colour.

It is all very well to talk about matching colours, about making the vitriolic blue in this curtain material 'go' with the blue in that snippet of wallpaper, and so on and so on. But, just as we may wonder how fast the colour is in textiles, there arises the question of how fast are our colour perceptions. 'I come like water and like wind I go', the poet wrote. There are conditions in which this forcibly applies to colour. 'One night', Goethe writes, 'when I entered an inn, I saw in the dusky light a buxom maid with a bright white face and black hair. She wore a scarlet bodice. I looked at her closely, whereupon she moved away. Then I saw—imaged on the white wall which faced me—a black face surrounded by a halo, and the dress of the clearly outlined figure appeared to be coloured in a beautiful sea-green'.

Experiment with a Bicycle Lamp

Although perhaps less excitingly, Goethe's observation can be repeated with a red bicycle lamp: if you view it firmly for a few seconds and then look at the ceiling, you will get the impression that the lamp, seen with all its detail, has changed its colour to blue-green. The explanation of this effect is believed to be as follows. When the red torch is viewed for some time the light receptors in the eye particularly sensitive to red become fatigued. If we then follow Goethe and look at a white wall or ceiling, the flood of light stimulates all the colour receptors in the retina. But because the red-sensitive ones were fatigued they now respond less readily. So in the fatigued part of our retina we see all the rainbow components of white light without the red of the torchlight, that is blue-green. This follows from Newton's great discovery in which he demonstrated with a simple prism that white light can be split up into all the colours of the rainbow.

It is possible to produce deceptive colour sensations not only with existing colours. If you slowly spin a suitably patterned black and white cardboard disc you will easily see striking blues and yellows. This trick, known after its discoverer as Benham's top, is generally explained in this way. You know that when lightning strikes from the clouds during a thunderstorm, we see it for much longer than it actually takes to reach the ground. This persistence of vision is known to differ for various colours. Then if the eye

sees a flash of white light as from the spinning top, the various coloured components of the light will die away at various speeds so that we shall get coloured after-impressions, the colour depending on how fast we spin our black and white disc.

Such is the textbook explanation of this remarkable effect. I believe it to be mistaken, at least in part, because of an exciting experiment described by Gehrcke a few years ago. Gehrcke illuminated a variety of black and white patterned cardboard tops, not with white light but with yellow sodium light, such as is used in present-day street lighting. According to the pattern he used in any one experiment, he succeeded in producing blue, green, red, and even white—all this by using only purely yellow light. He concluded from these experiments that no existing theory can explain colour vision because, as we have just learnt, one colour, yellow, can give rise to all the fundamental colour sensations. I have a hunch that Gehrcke's colours can be obtained by spinning black and white sectors illuminated by any type of monochromatic light. It may well be that, while perhaps enlarging our understanding of how we see colours, such experiments cannot be used to test existing theories of colour vision. This is because the deceptions are transitory in nature, but the theories deal with colour vision in a steady state.

A steady-state trick was recently described by Dr. Land in America. He made two black-and-white transparencies of a bottle-scene or other colourful objects arranged as a still-life. One of the transparencies was taken through a red, the other through a green, filter. The transparency made with the red filter was then projected on a screen with red light. But the second transparency (which had been photographed through a green filter) was projected on the same screen with plain white light. Lo and behold, when the two projected pictures—one pinkish red, the other black and white—were superimposed, yellows, browns, orange, blue-greens, blues, in fact most of the colours seen in the original still-life appeared on the screen.

I mentioned earlier that any process for faithful colour reproduction requires three basic independent colours. Some degree of acceptable colour imitation can, however, be achieved with the

use of only two colours, and, from this point of view, Dr. Land's process is neither better nor worse than earlier two-colour processes. But his experiments have aroused much attention largely because another experiment of Goethe's—the coloured shadows—had been long forgotten. Goethe observed that shadows are hardly ever black or grey but generally coloured. If you illuminate a large bright carpet with light from a well-screened standard lamp, then light reflected from the carpet will cast on the ceiling the shadow of the ceiling lamp. If this shadow is at all visible it will be green or blue-green.

This really is a large part of the secret of Dr. Land's experiment. Like the Foreign Office, the eye strives to preserve a balance of power. It has learnt to judge the colours of objects when they are illuminated by daylight, that is ordinary white light. Suppose now that a ceiling, known to be white in daylight, is flushed with pinkish light reflected from the carpet. This light cannot reach the part of the ceiling where the shadow is formed. It is a well-known phenomenon, called 'simultaneous contrast', that when a piece of red paper is placed beside an equally large piece of grey paper the grey takes on a greenish tinge. Dr. Land's success in obtaining realistic two-tone colour reproductions can therefore be explained simply, but crudely, by saying that the highlights of his still-life set the tone, the fulcrum as it were, about which red and grey are going to balance. And if there is sufficient detail in the picture, the tug-of-war between red and grey need never be decided in favour of either. I would hazard the guess, though, that whereas more orthodox methods of two-colour reproduction will tackle large and small coloured expanses with equal success, the Land method will flourish with small broken-up areas.

Although it would appear impossible at the moment to support some of the more dramatic conclusions which Dr. Land and others—especially non-scientists—have drawn from his experiments, we owe him thanks for reminding us, perhaps unwittingly, of long forgotten aspects of colour. Unless, of course, you feel like the tiger-lily which remarked about Alice: 'I don't care about colour. If only her petals curled up a little more, she'd be all right'.

—Network Three

The Precision of the Wheel

(to my son)

How like a wheel of prayer
The year returns,
Precision plucked from air;
And the soul learns
The rustling of those trees,
The changing sound,
Music of cypresses
In hallowed ground
And of that younger green
Which drops its blooms
Sudden as swallows, seen
When April comes.

Your birthday; and, that night,
I stopped, to bind
What I had come to write.
That month my mind
Had run upon a coil
Where light newborn
Revealed in weaver's toil
Lady and unicorn.
The sixfold tapestry
In my mind's eye
Held darkness searchingly;
And then your cry.

Twelve years since then have passed,
And to the day
This verse arrives, my last;
And I must pray,
If on the door I knock
That hides so many dead,

That savagery on rock
In vain be shed.
A secret law contrives
To give time symmetry:
There is, within our lives,
An exact mystery.

From this October night
May you be given
Peace, though the trees by blight
Or storms are riven.
And though the abounding spray
Destroy what issues from it,
May time that law obey,
Strict as a comet,
Which gives in gratitude
All we give, back,
By that rich love renewed
Which misers lack.

Child, what would I not give
To change for you
The world in which we live
And make it new,
Not in the paths and towers
Of prayer and praise,
But in the outrageous powers
Their waste displays.
May night's twin mysteries,
Time's equipoise,
Call upon love, and these
Build all your joys.

VERNON WATKINS

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

February 3-9

Wednesday, February 3

The Soviet Government announces that jamming of the B.B.C. Russian Service is to stop

The French Senate approves special powers for President de Gaulle

England's cricket team wins the second Test match against the West Indies at Trinidad

Thursday, February 4

President de Gaulle postpones his visit to Algeria. Five right-wing organizations in Algeria are dissolved

Mr. Mikoyan, Soviet Deputy Prime Minister, visits Havana

Certain drugs are in future to be available on medical prescription only

Friday, February 5

The strike at the British Motor Corporation works, which caused 30,000 men to be laid off, is settled

M. Soustelle, the French Minister in charge of Atomic Affairs and the Sahara, is dismissed from the Government

Saturday, February 6

Three French Cabinet Ministers fly to Algeria to inquire into the causes of the recent revolt

Mr. Humphrey Slade, a leading European delegate to the Kenya Conference, says that the Colonial Secretary's proposals on the future of Kenya are 'completely unacceptable to everybody'

Sunday, February 7

Members of the National Union of Railwaymen at meetings all over Britain declare their support for the strike due to start on February 15

The Communist General Secretary of the Electrical Trades Union, Mr. Frank Haxell, is re-elected with a reduced majority

Monday, February 8

Leaders of railway unions are informed that the Guillebaud report will be published several weeks earlier than expected; they afterwards met Sir Brian Robertson, Chairman of the British Transport Commission, who put a proposal to them

Independence Day for Cyprus is to be postponed again

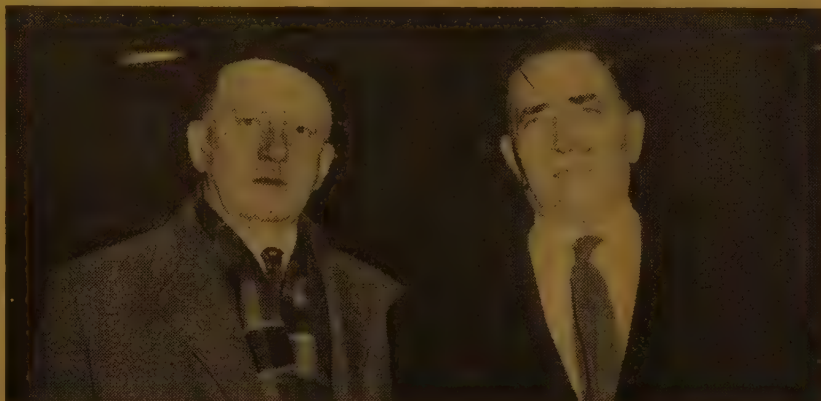
Tuesday, February 9

The National Union of Railwaymen rejects the proposal of the Transport Commission

Emergency debate in the House of Commons on the breakdown of the talks in Cyprus



In an attempt to find a settlement that would prevent the threatened railway strike starting on February 15, the Trades Union Congress invited the leaders of the three railway unions to a discussion on February 5. Above: left, Mr. W. J. Webber, Secretary of the Transport Salaried Staff's Association; right, Mr. S. F. Greene, Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen (which has called the strike), and, below, Mr. W. J. Evans and Mr. J. L. Simons, Secretary and President of the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen, arriving for the meeting



Two policemen carrying the wreath given by Dr. Adenauer, the Federal German Chancellor (left), during a memorial ceremony held on the site of the concentration camp of Belsen last week



The scene at Woolwich Heavy Anti-aircraft Regiment aircraft guns (in the background) such as the 'Thunderbird'



Mr. Harold Macmillan addressing a joint session of both Houses of the South African Parliament in Cape Town on February 3. The painting in the background is of the National Convention which drafted the Constitution of the Union. The following night, on the eve of his departure for home, the Prime Minister attended a state banquet



The aftermath of the insurrection in Algiers: workmen re-laying road-blocks torn up by the rebels for barricades



ary 5 as the 57th
The 3.7-inch anti-
placed by weapons
n in the foreground



'Portrait of a Man on Horseback' by Rembrandt, which has been bought from Lady Salmond by the National Gallery. The Treasury is making a grant of £128,000 towards the cost. The painting will not be on view to the public for about two months

Right: a foretaste of spring—snowdrops in a glade in the Lambourne valley, Berkshire



Thinking in Numbers

KENNETH MATHER on experimental designs

IF we want to find out, say, whether a newly bred variety of wheat, or sugar-beet, or whatever it may be, is superior to the existing varieties, or whether some new ingredient in a diet gives superior growth to pigs or more eggs from poultry, it is obvious that we must grow plants of both the new wheat and old, or raise pigs on both the new diet and the old, to see whether there is any difference. But as soon as we do this we begin to run into problems; for the first thing we find is that no two plants are alike, even when they came from the same variety, and no two pigs grow alike, even on the same diet. We discover, in fact, that living creatures, plants, animals, and men alike, are all variable: individuals differ from one another even under what may seem to us identical conditions.

Furthermore, these differences can spring from an enormous wealth of causes. There may be dozens of small differences in hereditary constitution within a variety of plants or a breed of animals, each plant or animal having a different combination of them. And there may be dozens of minor vicissitudes in the life of a plant or animal—minor differences in nutrition, or in mild upsets so small as not to dignify the name of disease, or in exposure to conditions. All of them affect the growth and properties of the individual in some degree, and in combination they affect each individual differently. No two individuals we observe in our experiments will be alike, even apart from the treatments and effects we are interested in. How, then, can we tell whether these treatments are having any effect, whether there is any real difference between the varieties of wheat, or whether the pigs really do grow better on the new diet?

Differences among Pigs

It is obvious that we must not merely raise one pig on each diet; rather we must raise a group of several on each. We can then measure not only the overall or average difference between the groups—the difference that will reflect any effect there may be of diet—but also the differences among the pigs on the same diet—the differences that will reflect the effects of the hundred and one causes of innate variation in the pig population—the differences that are, in fact, of no interest to us except in so far as they can obscure the consequences of the experimentally changed diet. When we have measured them we can compare the differences associated with the changed diet and the differences not traceable to our dietetic change. If the first is larger than the second we have evidence that the new diet is producing an effect. But how much larger must it be before we can feel that the evidence is trustworthy?

To answer this question, let us go back to the innate variation among our pigs. This, as we have seen, springs from dozens, or hundreds, of minor causes which we could not hope to control, but all of which affect the growth of the animals. In some pigs these effects will by

chance reinforce one another to produce animals that grow unusually fast or unusually slowly. In most cases, however, some effects will pull one way and some the other to give intermediate rates of growth. So the differences we find among our pigs on the same experimental diet will sometimes be one way, sometimes the other; sometimes small, sometimes quite large, according to how the pigs we happen to have taken for our experiment are displaying this innate variation. It is not merely that our pigs are not all alike; the differences between them are not all alike either. But—and this is the important point—once we have measured this innate variation within the groups of our experiment, we can calculate how often we expect it to produce a difference of any given size, how probable it is that a difference of a given size will arise solely as a result of the innate variation.

Diet and Innate Variation

We can now go back to the experimental difference—the average difference we have observed between pigs raised on our two diets. If this is of a size which would often be equalled or exceeded by the innate variation without any change of diet, we clearly have no evidence for saying that the diet has an effect. But if the experimental difference is so large that it would be equalled or exceeded only, say, once in 100 cases by innate variation alone, then clearly we are obtaining evidence of a dietetic effect. True, the conclusion is not absolutely certain: the evidence is not completely final; once in 100 times as big a difference would arise by innate variation in the absence of dietetic change. But this is a sufficiently rare contingency for us to accept such an observed difference as good evidence of an effect of diet. And the bigger the experimental difference the better the evidence is, because the smaller becomes the chance that it could arise from innate variation.

Thus, when dealing with variable material—and all living creatures are variable—our conclusions must be based on a comparison of the experimental differences with the innate variation. So it is essential that every experiment should be so designed and carried out as to lead to such a comparison. This means, as we have already seen, that groups of observations must be made so that the innate variation can be measured. Also obviously it must be possible to disentangle the experimental and the innate differences; thus, in our example all the innately big pigs must not be put on one diet and the small ones on the other, because innate and experimental differences would then become inextricably mixed up. Rather we must see that each diet gets a fair sample of the pigs available to the experimenter. We might just assign the pigs at random to the two diets. That is always a safe thing to do but it does not always give us the most efficient experiment, for it does not hold the effects of innate variation down to minimum—with the result that bigger experimental differences are required for the effect of

diet to be established. In this particular case a better procedure would be to start the experiment by grouping the pigs in pairs as nearly alike as possible, assigning one pig of each pair at random to each diet. We could then work in terms of the differences produced by diet between the two pigs of a pair and compare the average difference with the innate variation of this difference.

This is a simple experiment and hence a simple experimental design is all that is necessary. More elaborate experiments need more complicated designs; and, indeed, designing experiments has become a specialized science in itself. But however complicated experimental designs become, they all go back to certain basic principles. First of all, the innate variation must be distinguishable—and measurably so—from the experimental variation. Secondly, we must be able to make all the comparisons we need in respect of each experimental factor without getting these comparisons entangled with one another. We must, in fact, balance the experiment. Thirdly, we must always seek to arrange things so that the odds against certain events are as heavy as possible, so that the experiment, as it were, is as decisive as possible. And this means much care in layout and the allocation of different treatments.—*Network Three*

Previous talks in this series, now concluded, were published on November 12 and 19, December 10, 17, 24, and 31, and January 7.

De Regnier's Epitaph

Without black thoughts I lived my life
and natural laws obeyed. No strife
distracted me. But now, in thrall
to death, I ask why he should dare
to think of me. It is unfair.

Till now I gave no thought to him at all.

DWIGHT SMITH

From the French of Mathurin de Regnier, 1573-1613

A First Impression

A raven in a withered tree
Spread his wings and spoke to me:
'Your silent, lonely flight', he said,
'Makes birdland skies seem overcrowded'.

A nun-fish in a mountain pool
Broke silence—and monastic rule—
'Your chaste nights spent in prayer', sighed she,
'Expose our Order as disorderly'.

A fox on a high wooded hill
Remorsefully interred his kill:
'You, whose fangs are drawn', he said,
'Prove my cruel ways could be mended'.

'Raven, fox and fish, you err,
This windbag, rapist, murderer,
Who flees, a price upon his head,
Cannot be he whom you intended ...'

JOHN BIRAM



HOW TO BE CHAIRMAN

By *PODALIRIUS*

Business executives, says a doctor, should eat and work less, have longer holidays, and take a nap after lunch. Then they'd be healthier. Life, he adds, has become for them a series of unbiological excesses with no time to stand and stare.

A nap after lunch?—Excellent, though a few executives are already taking a nap more often, having acquired the trick of narrowing their eyes for long periods to mere unfathomable slits. They seem therefore at the conference to be all ears, ready to pounce at any moment, when in fact they're sound asleep. The majority, however, have not acquired the trick; and if they do attempt a nap in the office after lunch some thrusting young executive is sure to pad in with a sheaf of papers on, say, the shorter working week—for factory staff. "You were quite right, the old boy really was snoring" is an unwelcome remark to penetrate the sound proofing. Motto number one for business men: if you sleep on the job, don't seem to.

The long working days and short holidays of business men spring from the pretty notion that, if you do sixty hours work a week instead of forty, you achieve sixty instead of forty units of effective work. But sixty hours of brainwork may produce much less than forty—for quality, not quantity, is the goal. Motto number two for business men: more work less effort.

And finally, food. That unbiological excess, the business lunch, is one occasion when business men do stand or rather sit and stare—at the portions of smoked salmon or asparagus tips or ravioli laid before them as preliminaries by their Soho acolytes. They stare, many of them, in dismay. Smoked salmon is all very well, but not four or five times a week; and many executives tell me they would usually settle for a small portion of steak and kidney pie, followed by some in-season fresh fruit. And why don't they?—Because they'd lose face. Motto number three for business men: lose face so long as you're losing weight as well.

Some of the brightest business men I have known retired at forty. And when asked why: "Because it's a crazy life, doc", they'd say: "I'm retiring to a little farm I've bought me". Not all executives can do that, but they can at least remember Voltaire and cultivate their gardens; and I would add, eat its produce. In that way, if ability doesn't get them into the chairman's seat, longevity will. They all, for some reason, want to be chairmen: an ambition that chairmen find very odd indeed.

* * *

Indeed, Podalirius, the chairman-minded executive, is beset with problems as he endures long, semi-wakeful hours at the conference and luncheon tables. Not the least of which is met with knife and fork in hand. For today's food is often lacking in vital factors. That's why the wisest make good this deficiency by sprinkling a little Bemax on their food each day. Why? Because Bemax is stabilized wheat germ—the richest natural vitamin-protein-mineral supplement known to man. It's available from chemists.

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Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

A New Decade for Defence

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of February 4 Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor seems to adhere to the doctrine of the nuclear deterrent. He regards the elimination of nuclear weapons as 'wholly impracticable in the now foreseeable future'.

With America and Russia (now) and Britain (soon) in possession of large quantities of nuclear weapons and adequate means of delivering them, we reach a new situation. Three nations have the power to destroy each other. It follows, I submit, that none of these Powers will ever dare to use nuclear weapons, because everyone knows that their use by one nation will provoke immediate and annihilating retaliation and will thus constitute an act of national suicide.

With this stalemate established the way appears to be open for adventure and aggression by any country using conventional forces, or guerrilla warfare, or subversion. Operations in these categories can be planned and executed in the knowledge that nuclear weapons will not be used to quell them. Thus the possession of nuclear weapons by opposed Powers may well act as a sheltering umbrella for widespread aggression.

Some qualification is needed. First, there is an outside chance that some fool by accident, or some dictator on purpose, will use the H-bomb. This risk is with us so long as H-bombs and human nature persist. But a five per cent. chance of disaster can hardly be expected to deter a resolute war-maker from pursuing his plans.

Second, of the three existing nuclear Powers Britain is by far the weakest and most vulnerable: and it is Britain, small, highly industrialized, with 550 persons to the square mile, that is becoming the advanced nuclear base of America. If a madly aggressive régime achieved power in Russia, the temptation to start war by a surprise annihilation of Britain, synchronised with a radio warning to America not to act on pain of receiving the same treatment, would be very strong. Our Defence Chiefs have the prime duty of protecting Britain: to transform her into a standing invitation to pre-emptive destruction hardly seems the best way to do so.

It would be most helpful if Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor would kindly reply to certain important questions:

(1) When the nuclear Powers have built up such ample stocks of missiles and nuclear warheads that the use of these by any one of them constitutes national suicide, how can the H-bomb be a reliable deterrent against 'conventional' aggression?

(2) How can it be good strategy, or a proper defence of Britain, to make this country—the most vulnerable of all Great Powers except Japan—into the principal advanced nuclear base of America, and thus a prime target of any communist aggressor?

(3) If communist forces were to break through into West Germany next week, would not Britain have the choice of (a) using the H-bomb and being immediately destroyed by Russian

retaliation, or (b) looking on helplessly, with the hundreds of millions spent on atomic defence methods proved useless?

(4) How can a defence policy offering the foregoing alternatives be justified?

Yours, etc.,

Eversley

E. F. G. HAIG

Sir,—Sir John Slessor in his talk 'A New Decade for Defence' (THE LISTENER, February 4) pointed out the absurdity of the present situation regarding the West's ultimate sanction, the nuclear deterrent—that it is not under the control of Nato. He went on to suggest that Britain might take the first step to end this anomaly by 'offering Bomber Command as a contribution to a Nato deterrent force at the disposal of the Atlantic Council', only to reassure us that 'it would not mean that we should lose all control of Bomber Command'. Surely if Nato is to become a reality Britain (and the other European members of Nato) must be prepared to sacrifice unreservedly their independent control of nuclear weapons. Logically the only alternative, as Mr. Michael Howard noted recently, is for every country to have its own nuclear deterrent, and this, regrettably, seems to be the current trend in western Europe.

Secondly, Sir John Slessor's fear that Russia might gamble on the United States remaining aloof and make a piecemeal attack in the Hitler manner, seems to me unrealistic. Supposing Russia launched a purely conventional attack on western Europe, of sufficient power to break through the Nato shield force, would Britain or France be prepared to begin a nuclear war, thus ensuring their own annihilation? On the other hand, if Russia determined to knock out, say, Britain, by a 'pre-emptive strike' with nuclear weapons, and if the United States refused to reply in kind, what use would our 'deterrent' be as a 'relatively small nuclear retaliatory force'?

If Mr. Khrushchev should feel a sudden aggressive impulse, which seems increasingly doubtful, is he not more likely to be brought to his senses by a solid shield of conventional forces supported by the American deterrent, however far distant, than by the costly and relatively feeble weapons of lesser Powers?

Yours, etc.,

Marlow

BRIAN BOND

Ludwig Wittgenstein

Sir,—Anyone—professional philosopher or not—must have felt a gap in the series of penetrating talks on Wittgenstein (THE LISTENER, January 28 and February 4). For there was no comment from any of the new generation of those doing philosophy who never enjoyed personal contact with Wittgenstein, but to whom his work is of surpassing importance. And in view of the recent attacks delivered by Lord Russell and others it is apposite—perhaps imperative—that such a voice should be heard.

Were it not for the feeling that such a notion would be extremely distasteful to him, Wittgen-

stein might be, like Aristotle, regarded as 'the philosopher'. For his writings, like those of Plato, Spinoza, and Kant, express a poignant and passionate concern for the human situation as well as the finest logical acumen: Wittgenstein, unlike the other well-known thinkers of this century who worked in our intellectual milieu, was primarily interested in problems and only secondarily in techniques. He addressed us as men, and not merely as analysts, mathematicians, or logicians. (As he remarks in the *Investigations*: 'Bring light into one brain or another'.)

Since the time of Locke British philosophers have seen themselves as 'underlabourers in clearing the ground a little'. Wittgenstein, I believe, should rather be numbered with the rationalists, who both cleared the ground and tried to build. (The *Tractatus* is certainly the last great work of speculative metaphysics.) Underlabourers are most certainly essential, but demolition rarely serves as inspiration, and without inspiration philosophy must die from anaemia. Wittgenstein justifiably doubted whether he would be understood, and it is doubly tragic that the most complete and vociferous misunderstanding stems from the teacher to whom he owed so much. But to me (and I think and hope I am representative), who never had the privilege of personal contact with him, Wittgenstein's work stands as the intellectual monument of our age. It is not unreason but mere fact to say, 'To us, to think is Wittgenstein'.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

C. J. DIXON

Sir,—Professor Malcolm quotes Wittgenstein as saying: 'It is correct to say "I know what you are thinking", and wrong to say "I know what I am thinking" . . . a whole cloud of philosophy condensed into a drop of grammar'. Undoubtedly there is here 'artistry in the style' but is the reasoning, in Malcolm's phrase, 'rigorous and deep'?

I suggest that the sentence 'I know what I am thinking' is not so much wrong as unidiomatic, and is this not precisely because it is normally taken for granted that I know what I think, so that there is never any occasion to utter it in ordinary conversation? Likewise the sentence 'I know what you are thinking' is hardly evidence that we have direct knowledge of other minds but suggests merely that sometimes we can guess what someone else is thinking while at other times we need to be told (cf. the phrase 'a penny for your thoughts'). From all this nothing emerges in the least damaging to conventional epistemology.

The point I am trying to make is not that my interpretation is necessarily correct but that any such interpretation must be to a large extent arbitrary, hence the futility of basing any philosophical conclusions on an analysis of linguistic habits. Perhaps Russell's jibe that Wittgenstein invented a doctrine that made serious thinking unnecessary was not, after all, quite so wide of the mark.—Yours, etc.,

Belfast

JOHN BELOFF

the Public and the Polls

Sir,—I don't suppose that the columns of THE LISTENER would entertain a detailed correspondence on the public opinion polls and 'psephology'. I remain, however, obstinately of the opinion that, in any common understanding of the English language, both may be taken as having failed in the last election, and that Mr. Plowman's contrary opinion is in error. (Mr. Plowman did not object, as he might have done, that 'psephology' is an essentially *ex post facto* sort of activity. In that sense we are still waiting for the psephological analysis of October 9, and my original letter might be faulted.)

If Mr. Plowman will do the arithmetic I think he will find that my remarks about the fatality of a 3 per cent. error in assessment would apply to most elections this century and not merely since 1945. (And I have less faith than Mr. Plowman in the logic of probability that would make this a thousand to three chance against.)

More important, if the polls are only intended to be used after the averaging process described by Mr. Plowman then they have indeed failed for the ordinary educated reader of the press, and the space and energy employed for the display of their results would be better used for other genuinely political purposes. I myself disbelieved in the national unity of opinions long before 1955: neither long discussion nor more professional opinion was on my side save so far as it is usual to introduce 'saving clauses' to all serious discussion.

We have all learned a great deal from Mr. David Butler's electoral studies, but he is not the British electorate, and I am not convinced that common opinion on the Liberal vote is in error. I would very much like to see this argued at length in terms of kind of 'cohort analysis', voting, and a realistic electoral geography such as exists in France.

With Mr. Plowman's last paragraph I have no quarrel. Indeed I fear that the setback to the political prestige of polling—not its other uses—will prove temporary indeed. Still even a brief advantage is something.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.2

DONALD G. MACRAE

'Lifeline' and Hypnosis

Sir,—Mr. Corke (THE LISTENER, January 28) takes a correct interpretation of the word 'suggestibility' as used with reference to the hypnotic trance. In this context the word is used technically, although as yet still somewhat ill-defined. It does not mean, however, that in the waking state the individual with the quality of 'suggestibility' observed in deep-trance hypnotic subjects is more easily amenable to persuasion or more easily led in everyday life.

As previously stated in this correspondence, Professor Eysenck carried out experiments to isolate 'measurable behaviour responses which could be described as 'suggestibility''. As a result he describes two types, primary and secondary suggestibility, and his definitions rest very much on the results of the measurements employed. But this work was later repeated by Benton in America and he failed to get the same results. Indeed, one of the American authorities on hypnosis, Dr. Milton V. Kline, states that 'there could seem to be some question as to whether or not suggestibility as an independent unitary trait of personality exists'.

And so on—like so much else in the study of

hypnosis, more research is obviously required, probably together with new ways of thinking and experimenting. Meanwhile it is convenient technical shorthand to describe as 'suggestibility' that ready acceptance of the hypnotist's 'suggestions' during hypnotic induction which is evidenced by deep-trance subjects. But these 'suggestions', again, are technical and refer to such things as respiration, muscle tone, fatigue and mental concentration—and they have little relation to will-power, artistic appreciation and human relationships.

Or do they? Once again: we do not know. And so long as we do not know, it seems wiser not to make deductions unsupported by evidence. We do know, however, that the sudden revelation of the existence of the unconscious given by a first view of hypnosis is fairly disturbing at a deep mental level, and that various mechanisms, including rationalization, are often quickly brought into play to deal with the anxiety thus created. Which is no doubt why so many people responded to the 'Lifeline' programmes on hypnosis with everything from complete rejection, in the form of frank disbelief, to an attempt to dismiss the subjects involved as peculiar or weak willed.

Yours, etc.,

A DOCTOR

[This correspondence is now closed.—Editor, THE LISTENER]

James Byres and the Portland Vase

Sir,—With regard to a broadcast on the Home Service given by Mr. Neil McKendrick and reproduced in THE LISTENER of January 14. I should like to point out that Mr. McKendrick is hardly fair to my great-grand-uncle, James Byres of Conley, the purchaser of the so-called Portland Vase from the Barberini family.

The impression liable to have been made on any listener or reader is that James Byres was a needy hanger-on to the fringes of Roman society and a go-between for members of it and scions of British aristocracy making the Grand Tour. In *The Connoisseur* of April 1905, appeared an article on the Portland Vase which gives a very different impression: to say nothing of what I myself have learnt from family tradition. *The Connoisseur* refers to James Byres as an F.S.A., and an assiduous collector of antique sculpture and *objets d'art*; it adds that he also collected old Italian romances for Bishop Percy and gave lectures on the favourite objects of his study. He was commended by Sir James Hall in his essay on Gothic architecture and by Sir Walter Armstrong. He was a life-long friend of James Tassie, 'the Scottish Wedgwood', who, after Pichler, the celebrated gem engraver, had, by my great-grand-uncle's orders, made a cast of the Vase before its sale to Hamilton, produced some copies in plaster. 'These casts are now scarce, but of great interest as the only reliable record of the Vase in its perfect state'. *The Connoisseur* ends by saying that it would be only just to call the Vase 'the Barberini or Byres Vase' instead of the Portland.

I mention all this only to show that James Byres was apparently more respected than Mr. McKendrick appears to think, and I opine that as a Scottish landowner who, though heir of an attainted Jacobite and himself an officer in Colonel Ogilvie's regiment, had not forfeited his estate, he was not necessarily impecunious. It is not unheard of for a collector to sell items

to another collector, and in fact Sir William Hamilton, who was James Byres's friend, did that very thing with the Vase. I may add that there are several fine portraits extant of my great-grand-uncle, the best known being by Raeburn.—Yours, etc.,

Diano Castello

L. G. GABALDONI

'Conflict at Kalanadi'

Sir,—Mr. Arthur Swinson points out (THE LISTENER, January 28) that in commenting on his play, *Conflict at Kalanadi*, I turned his Committee of Inquiry into a Court, and his governmental decision into a decision by the committee. I regret the inaccuracies, but fail to see how they discredit my objection that 'complexity and inconclusiveness, necessary as content, have also dictated its form'; if anything, I should have thought they supported it—as Mr. Swinson himself seems aware in his reliance on desperately italicized plottery, and personal attack rather than connected argument.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.3

IRVING WARDLE

Dunedin and the 'Wee Frees'

Sir,—Mr. J. A. W. Bennett in his lively talk on New Zealand literature (THE LISTENER, January 21) manages, like most Aucklanders, to say some nonsense about Dunedin. Talk of the 'Wee Frees' founding Dunedin in 1848, when they did not come into existence till 1900, is something that a third generation son of Dunedin might laugh off as just Auckland and Oxford, were it not that it confuses the Free Church of 1843 with a bigoted last-ditch sect.

There was nothing 'wee' about the walk-out of more than a third of the clergy of the Church of Scotland, nor anything lost about the cause which they espoused.

Yours, etc.,

Ackworth

R. K. LOGAN

'New Poems—1961'

Sir,—For seven years P.E.N. anthologies of new verse have appeared, and this coming autumn the eighth, *New Poems—1960* (originally intended to be *New Poems—1959* but deferred owing to the printing dispute) will come out under Hutchinson's imprint. The editors of the volume were Terence Tiller, Anthony Cronin, and Jon Silkin.

The ninth volume in the series, *New Poems—1961*, will also be brought out by Hutchinson's, and the editors will be William Plomer, Hilary Corke, and Anthony Thwaite.

I should be grateful if you would allow me, as in past years, to invite your readers to submit work for consideration by The Editors, *New Poems—1961*, P.E.N., 62 Glebe Place, London, S.W.3. Not more than two poems should be submitted by each poet, and all manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return. (Those who wish their MSS. to be acknowledged on arrival should also enclose a stamped addressed postcard.) The closing date for entries is March 31, 1960. Poems which have appeared in book form cannot be considered, but work which has been published in periodicals during 1959-60 is eligible. Payment will be made for all poems accepted.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3

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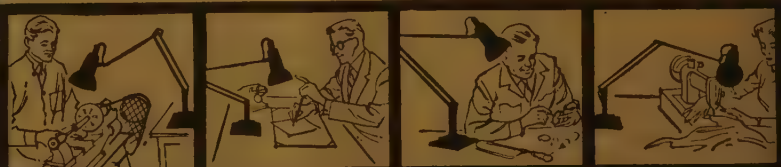
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The Listener's Book Chronicle

Joseph Conrad. By Jocelyn Baines. Weidenfeld and Nicholson. 42s.

Reviewed by VINCENT BROME

HE CAME INTO the room and he seemed as though he had this blazing head, these wonderfully dark eyes, this incredible intensity. He was a person who didn't appear to have a body. Instead he became a sort of shining presence... Thus Lady Wedgwood began a description of Conrad on one occasion, which brought him alive in a few vivid phrases. A long struggle to catch the spirit of Conrad on the printed page may drive a biographer to pile up detailed descriptions without touching that core which a vivid image immediately releases. That is one of the shortcomings of the present biography. Inevitably, Joseph Conrad has inspired a spate of books, from the conventional two-volume biography by Jean Aubry and the perceptive study by Douglas Hewitt, to those novelties on the edge of criticism like *Joseph Conrad's Directed Indirections*. American, English, and Polish scholars have exhausted their talents probing his extraordinary personality, which renounced an almost feudal outlook on human relations, with a profound awareness of modern problems. Now comes Mr. Jocelyn Baines with a book which satisfies most of the requirements of a good biography and yet remains, in the end, not entirely satisfactory.

Painstaking research, new material, academic detachment, and a lucid style combine to make this the most comprehensive Conrad biography we have seen, and it is clear that no one interested in Conrad can afford to miss it; but the inner Conrad still seems to elude Mr. Baines's elaborate net.

Did Conrad ever succeed in adjusting himself to the country he adopted? Was he driven by a tremendous guilt complex? Did his style become too rich and complicated? Did he really attempt to commit suicide, or was the wound he received the result of a duel?

The present biography gives interesting answers to all these questions. Mr. Baines believed, of course, a certain fame on the question of Conrad's possible suicide, and he here re-examines the evidence in detail, quoting from the much disputed Bobrowski letter. No single letter can finally decide the issue but Bobrowski's letter cannot be ignored. '... One fine evening... he attempted to kill himself with a revolver but... the bullet went... near the heart, not injuring any important organ. That is the whole story'.

Moments of critical insight recur throughout the book. Pointing the difference between the typical Jamesian hero, a person granted finer possibilities, and Conrad's average hero, outwardly representative of the ordinary man, Mr. Baines proceeds to discover the 'bookish' origins of the Central American community in *Nostromo*, which Conrad flatly denied. He explains why a writer who had no daughter could be so pre-occupied with the father-daughter relationships, and picks up some

interesting parallels between *Under Western Eyes* and *Crime and Punishment*.

His assessment of Conrad's work accepts *Nostromo* as his 'most ambitious feat', a judgment not unfamiliar to preceding critics and undoubtedly just. There are times when he seems to strain to prove a point which turns out to be not of much consequence, and echoes of a university thesis occasionally deaden his prose, but his analysis of the relative importance of the novels is perceptive.

Marlow's judgment of the catastrophe which overtakes Lord Jim is also a judgment of Conrad's work: 'There is, to my mind, a sort of profound and terrifying logic in it'. It was a logic which revealed cosmic forces working through the life of the individual hero to express the moral and spiritual implications of an unchangeable natural order. The heart of darkness is inexorable, waiting its chance to possess any passing vessel.

'It is not too bold a claim', Mr. Baines concludes, 'that Conrad has presented more dramatically and profoundly than any other artist the anguished conflict between man's innate isolation and his yearning for human solidarity'.

Publishers frequently pitch their expectations high, but in this case the claim that Mr. Baines's book will be accepted as the standard work on Conrad for many years to come is fully justified.

British Conservatism 1832-1914

By R. B. McDowell. Faber. 21s.

This is an odd book. Mr. McDowell tells us in the preface that its 'severely limited aim' is 'to show what political opinions a member of the English conservative party [*sic*] might be committed to supporting between the passing of the Great Reform Bill and the outbreak of the Great War'. But for what purpose? To show the unchanging nature of conservatism, or its adaptability? To mock or to admire? Mr. McDowell keeps a straight face and gives us few clues.

Here will be found the opinions which conservative (one might as well say Conservative, but Mr. McDowell won't) leaders and writers revealed in periodicals (the *Quarterly*, *Blackwood's*, *Fraser's*, the *Standard*, the *National Review*), in speeches in parliament, in pamphlets, and sometimes in their private papers. We range from Croker and Southey to Disraeli and Lord John Manners, from Salisbury and Lecky to Mallock, Balfour, and Chamberlain. The exposition is arranged under selected topics: defence of the Church and the landed interest in the 'Age of Reform', foreign policy, religion, and parliamentary reform in the middle of the century, military and naval policy, social legislation, Ireland, and 'tariff reform' at the end.

The trouble with this method is that it gives no view of conservatism as a whole at any time. It is opinion in a vacuum, though its issue in laws or action is sometimes indicated. It gives no sense of the movement of ideas, the progress of opinion. Its chronology is chaotic; and is made worse by the fact that dates are never

given for the volumes of periodicals and of *Hansard* which are cited. In fact the book parodies a method which, as Mr. McDowell has himself demonstrated in his two earlier books on Irish public opinion between 1750 and 1846, can yield most fruitful results when applied to a limited topic in a limited period, in which the inter-action of ideas and events can be shown. Even the present work is most successful on Irish policy and tariff reform—subjects that can be compactly developed.

Yet the book yields much in the way of incidental information and entertainment. Wellington characterizing the Reform Act as transferring power from 'the gentlemen of England professing the faith of the Church of England' to 'the shopkeepers being dissenters from the Church, many of them being Socinians, others atheists'; Salisbury on the virtues of delay, Salisbury equating churchmanship and conservatism, Salisbury foreseeing British politics Americanized by the second Reform Act (they would be characterized by violence, venality, and the exclusion of the cultured and wealthy); Chaplin, a notorious spendthrift, preaching thrift; Amery brusquely dismissing Ireland's claim to be a nation; Wyndham describing his tariff reform speech—'into it I go, with gusto and glee work right up the keyboard to the crashing harmonies of empire and employment with a lovely leitmotif of the "sister states" bless them—carolling like birds through the strumming of statistics and the bugle-calls of the higher patriotism'; it all has a familiar ring.

C. L. MOWAT

Du Barry: A Biography

By Stanley Loomis. Cape. 28s.

One evening during the September Massacres of 1792 Madame du Barry sat in her lovely château of Louveciennes. The mob tossed through an open window the head of her former lover, the Duc de Brissac. It came to rest almost at her feet, and she fell unconscious to the floor. Some three weeks later she wrote to a friend: 'I am in a state of suffering that you will easily understand. It is consummated, this ghastly crime that will leave me in eternal sorrow. In the midst of the horrors and outrages that surround me my health remains good. One does not die of grief'. That was the authentic voice of eighteenth-century society in France, a generation which, as Mr. Loomis remarks, 'were more likely to die of gout and syphilis than of consumption and brain-fever'.

Madame du Barry was too unusual a woman to be typical of any generation, and the career which lay open to her talents of great beauty, charm, and kindness demanded also a total lack of sexual morality such as shocked the age inaugurated by the Jacobins. The *ancien régime* was more inclined to be shocked by the fact of her humble origins than by her coveted status of royal mistress, and objected more to her financial extravagance than to the consolations she offered the aging and discredited king, Louis XV. Her new biography, by an American, has already been widely acclaimed in America as a vivid,

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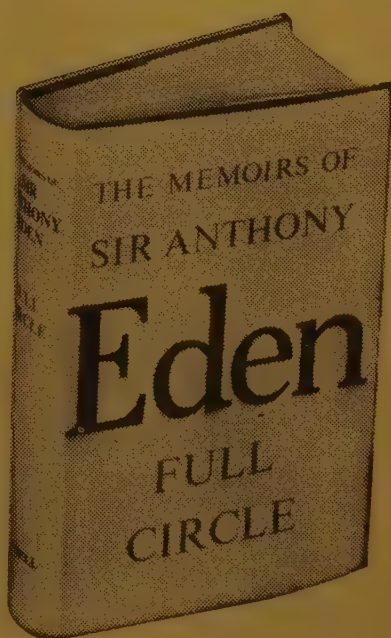
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perceptive, and intelligent reinterpretation of events and characters, and a well-told dramatic story. This indeed it is, though the only substantial reinterpretation of du Barry herself is to emphasize her consistent kindness and lack of malice, and to disregard many of the libellous anecdotes and spurious 'memoirs' published about her, most of which serious historians had already discredited.

Mr. Loomis has, in general, done for du Barry what Miss Nancy Mitford a few years ago did for Pompadour: he has set her in the spirit and environment of time and place, and in so doing he has reminded us that eighteenth-century France was a milieu unique in all history. If it holds inexhaustible interest for writers of popular biography—many, alas, written with much less learning and sense than this—it is largely because personal amours and bedchamber intrigues link up so directly with high affairs of state: so that a new mistress could mean dismissal of a minister, or broken love affairs lead to war. The reign of Louis XV, even more blatantly than that of his predecessor, produced these tragic-comic situations. Mr. Loomis fully appreciates their dramatic possibilities, and succeeds in placing du Barry as a figure of some importance in French history, while sustaining his account of her as a woman who, like the *ancien régime* itself, lived for the moment, giving little thought to past or future. 'One does not die of grief'.

DAVID THOMSON

An Introduction to Charles Williams

By A. M. Hadfield. Robert Hale. 21s.

The lives of minor but original writers, properly illustrated, have often a strangeness and clarity which add enormously to one's appetite for the writings. The particulars of their backgrounds and weaknesses give them a strength and interest one might not have found for oneself. This life of Charles Williams puts him in a clear perspective of distance from ourselves and by a mixture of sharp, feminine observation and a sympathy which could scarcely be more intimate, it gives an exact and individual picture.

Of course the distressing facts remain that his cult was an exclusive one, and that his language most of his life was embarrassingly ecclesiastical and in his late work rather donnish, his poetic success, in the years between Robert Bridges and Professor C. S. Lewis, a not unreasonable index of what he was producing. The idiom of his thought and the flesh of his language belonged to a tenuous and special tradition, which is at present dying. What gave his poetry dignity was intellectual devotion and verbal concision, just as it was a bony integrity of religious reason which dignifies, to an outsider, his life. Miss Hadfield neither mutes any of this, nor apologizes for it.

The extraordinary virtue of this book is that, without seeming conscious of any possible retraction from the highest greatness in Charles Williams, Miss Hadfield gives a clear analysis of weakness in the whole atmosphere which he breathed and in which he moved. Does the marvellous personal magnetism survive this? Or the moral authority? Or the poetry? In the first two, on the evidence of this book, I can believe, and think I understand them. In his allegories I can find little interest and in his poetry no very moving talent. But is it a quality of Miss Hadfield's book or of Charles Williams himself,

that the more thoroughly his romantic achievements disintegrate, the more certainly his personal greatness seems established? He was a good critic and a wonderful lecturer, and this book makes it possible for outsiders to understand and value him. I doubt if any better sort of introduction to him could be written.

PETER LEVI

English Literature in the Early Eighteenth Century 1700-1740

By Bonamy Dobrée. (The Oxford History of English Literature, Vol. 7). Oxford. 42s.

Professor Dobrée made his name by writings on the aristocratic literature of the Restoration period. But for some years now it has appeared that his interests had shifted a half-century forward to the England of the early Hanoverians. This is the period 1720-40, covered by Robert Walpole's long administration and marked by secure Whig domination in a sense which goes beyond the name-calling and jockeyings of political factions. It is a period when the national imagination was frequently fired by prospects with which nowadays we find it hard to sympathize, by British maritime and commercial expansion, for instance, and by the indeed intoxicating vistas opened up by Newtonian science. And it's not just the lapse of centuries, and chastening hindsight, which prevent us from recognizing how truly imaginative is the response to these matters of, for instance, the poet James Thomson; we take our bearings on this period, if we approach it through literature, from a handful of great writers who, as it happens, were profoundly out of sympathy with the bulk of the nation, the Tory pessimists. Pope and Swift and the youthful Dr. Johnson in his 'London'. Accordingly we too often see these years as, in cultural terms, a sad aftermath to the reign of Queen Anne; for the Tory writers have deceived us here too, into thinking that the reign of Anne was their heyday, whereas of course the greatest works of Swift, of Pope, of Gay, even of Defoe, were not written until after Anne was dead. The greatest merit of Professor Dobrée's long-awaited volume in the Oxford History is in scrupulously redressing this balance.

A crucial figure from this point of view is Addison, who anticipated and helped to create the Hanoverian temper, its bourgeois code of manners, its composed eagerness in looking to the future, and above all its open-minded curiosity which is in such striking contrast to the severely and scornfully narrow interests of a Swift. But Mr. Dobrée has little patience with Addison, and his impatience betrays him—into saying, for instance, that the authorship of many essays in Volume 8 of *The Spectator* 'is still unknown'. In fact it has been known since 1954, when M. J. C. Hodgart in the *Review of English Studies* examined some of the Tickell papers. This lack of sympathy with Addison is the more surprising because (to be blunt and cruel) what mars page after page of this book is just the allegedly Addisonian proclivity to damn with faint praise. This applies particularly to the poetry. Whatever else drew Mr. Dobrée to this period, plainly the poets didn't; and indeed he refers to at any rate the years 1700 to 1720, as 'this low-powered poetic period'. It is unfortunately no new thing for this body

of literature to be discussed in ways which are a debased parody of its own greatest virtues—judiciousness diminished to a finicky connoisseurship (of Prior, 'a very delicate quickening flavour is left on the palate after the main taste is gone'), and urbanity reduced to deprecation and faintly amused detachment.

Well, but . . . there is, of course, Pope. There is indeed. And here again to at least one reader Mr. Dobrée seems unaware that he is confronting a writer of massive and astounding genius. When Ruskin declares, of 'Where-e'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade', that it is 'simple falsehood . . . hypocrisy', there is a real case to answer; and an answer can be found, though that's not to say a conclusive one. But to say only that Ruskin is 'ludicrously beside the mark', because Pope wasn't in any case 'expressing anything very important'—this is to allow a lax indifference to sell the pass on poet and critic alike. Just the same situation crops up in discussing Defoe, who comes nearer than any other writer to stirring Mr. Dobrée to enthusiasm: a critic is quoted as saying of him that 'his seriousness has often been mistaken for the seriousness of art'—a contention which, if it is just, denies to Defoe any place at all in literature strictly considered. But Mr. Dobrée finds it possible to concede that the objection has 'some justice' and yet to go on smoothly to 'we, however, salute him as an artist'. What can this mean except that the writer, however serious about history and scholarship, is not serious about literature?

DONALD DAVIE

Africa's Wild Glory. By P. W. Keller.

Jarrolds. 35s.

Ride a Rhino. By Michaela Denis.

W. H. Allen. 18s.

The highlands of East Africa have undergone great changes during the last sixty years; white settlement has brought cities, railways, roads, agriculture, veterinary and medical services, and all the other technicalities of civilization. The land should be flowing with milk and honey, but something has gone wrong. There has been an explosive increase in the native population which is destroying the land like a swarm of locusts and produces the horrors of Mau-Mau and the prison camps. The astonishing variety of teeming wild life is rapidly vanishing and will soon be gone for ever: and with it go the finest of the natives, the Masai whose independent spirit is being broken by the restrictions and frustrations of European administration.

Mr. Keller was born and bred in Masailand, the great game-plains of Kenya and Tanganyika, and knows the country and the people intimately. He left to attend a Canadian university just before the start of Hitler's war, and on his return after fourteen years he found a shocking deterioration in the state of the land and its population both animal and human. The Masai are nomadic cattle-men, highly conservative, self-reliant, and independent: 'As a warrior people who have known greatness they are proud, haughty, and hold a superior attitude to other people . . . It is remarkable in many ways that they have co-operated at all with the European "invasion" which supplanted them'. Anyone who was amongst the Masai, as I was, twenty-five years ago, knew the charm of their dignified and cheerful bearing: they

may have been naked savages, but their manners and etiquette of behaviour were perfect. Now the elder Masai are losing heart, and many of the younger are being corrupted by 'the spreading rot of semi-civilized Nairobi'. The Masai are destroying the reserve to which they are restricted by overgrazing the country with scrub cattle, by misguided burning of the grass, and by clandestinely encouraging the game poachers. Everything is being taken out of the land and no fertilizing manure returned—population pressure is turning the formerly fertile grazing lands into a desert. Great efforts costing huge sums are being made throughout Africa to eradicate the tsetse fly, the carrier of nagana in cattle and sleeping sickness in man. This undertaking would appear to be highly desirable, for the presence of the tsetse denies vast areas to human settlement. But 'in virtually every area where tsetse fly populations are heavy, there is an abundance of wild-life, luxuriant vegetation, and little or no soil erosion. . . . It is a decision of far-reaching consequence to open rich new country to people who have yet to learn the art of properly husbanding those areas they already possess; who even now are reducing to desert their rich grasslands'. The author emphasizes that the only hope for the preservation of Masailand, the Masai, and its wild-life, is to convince these intensely conservative people that the way to enjoy the sight of herds of prospering cattle is to adopt a proper system of land-management.

This is an interesting account of life among the Masai, and has much delightful information about the wild animals that were such a striking feature of the country. Mr. Keller writes with enthusiasm, and although he occasionally lapses into regrettable clichés, he succeeds in conveying the real spirit of wild Africa, and his deep anxiety about the fate of an admirable native tribe runs through it. His book will delight everyone interested in wild-life and wild places, and will, I hope, also make his readers pause to think: 'What are we doing to Africa and the Africans?'

In *Ride a Rhino* Mrs. Denis tells of her trips to Africa with her husband to pose before the camera-men who make films for television programmes, and she likes it ever so. But she does not explain why a book about Africa which says nothing about riding on rhinos is given this title, nor why the dust jacket is a photograph of her sitting on the tame *Indian* rhino in Whipsnade Zoo.

L. HARRISON MATTHEWS

The Art of Byzantium. By David Talbot Rice. Thames and Hudson. £6 6s.

Byzantine Icons. With an introduction and notes by David Talbot Rice. Faber Gallery of Oriental Art. 15s.

No living scholar has done more for the study of Byzantine art in this country than Professor Talbot Rice. A number of books published during the last twenty-five years testify to his interest and learning, and it was to his enthusiasm and enterprise that we owed the remarkable exhibition of Byzantine art shown at Edinburgh and subsequently at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London in 1958. The success of the exhibition has inspired him to produce a superb book illustrating all the major works of art that he attributes to the artists and work-



Ivory statuette: the Virgin and Child (tenth century), in the Victoria and Albert Museum
From 'The Art of Byzantium'

shops of Constantinople. The book is expensive; but the quality of the plates justifies the price. There are 44 in colour and 196 in monochrome. It is not easy to give a full impression of Byzantine art in photographs; for the Byzantines were sensitive to texture, and they loved objects that glowed. Both their frescoes and manuscript illustrations and their ivory carvings are apt to look a little too smooth in a colour plate; while the metal work and, still more, the mosaics are impossible to reproduce. The effect of refracted light is lost in a photograph. Indeed, nowadays we seldom see the mosaics themselves as they ought to be seen, by the light of innumerable lamps, which gives them movement and life. But these plates are more successful than any that have yet appeared. The colours are true; and the general effect is probably as close to the original as can be achieved. The monochrome plates are all admirably clear.

The text is a little disappointing. It consists largely of a list of objects, adding little to what we have already read in Professor Talbot Rice's books. One would have preferred to have something more profound on the aesthetic basis of Byzantine art. The selection, too, is open to criticism. It is hard to believe that all the objects

that he shows can be called strictly Constantinopolitan. For example, though the mosaics at San Vitale in Ravenna were probably based on portraits sent from Constantinople, they represent the Italian taste of the time. It is most unlikely that any mosaicist from Constantinople would have gone to a war-racked provincial city so far away, which anyhow had its own tradition of mosaicists. Yet he omits the mosaics of Osios Loukas, though tradition and a strong historical probability would ascribe them to artists from the capital. It is difficult to believe that all the silks that he shows are Constantinopolitan; and there are other objects for which an Italian or Sicilian provenance seems more likely. The notes provide useful references; but too often they end with the verdict that the particular object was 'probably' made in Constantinople, without convincing evidence. Some of the dating, too, is unconvincing, though Professor Talbot Rice is usually scrupulous in giving alternative opinions. The editing is not flawless. For instance, the Nicaean mosaics are dated under the plates as being of the sixth or seventh century and in the notes as being of the eighth or ninth. (The ninth is surely correct.)

These criticisms should not, however, detract from our gratitude to Professor Talbot Rice and his publishers for this splendid volume. We should also be grateful to him for the Byzantine icons published as a volume in the Faber Gallery of Oriental Art. There are ten of them, ranging from the early seventh to the fourteenth century. The first three, of whose date he is rightly cautious, come from the Monastery of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai, the others, with one exception which comes from Pisa, from Russian State collections. They are well reproduced and well chosen to show the main developments in Byzantine icon-painting.

STEVEN RUNCIMAN

History and the Homeric Iliad

By Denys L. Page. Cambridge, for University of California Press. £3

The last thirty years have seen the accumulation of much material, coming from several different fields of research, that might if properly evaluated throw light on the relation of the *Iliad* to its historical background. Since the beginning of the excavations at Boghaz-Köy in 1907, we have acquired a great body of documentary and archaeological evidence bearing on the Hittite empire that dominated Anatolia from the fourteenth to the twelfth century before Christ. The American excavations of Troy during the thirties have greatly increased our knowledge of the cities that successively occupied its site, particularly of Troy VI and Troy VIIa, the two most relevant to Homer. The investigation of the linguistic and dialectal character of the poem has produced important new results. So has the examination of the works of art and monuments of relevant date; of particular importance are the late Miss H. L. Lorimer's authoritative book *Homer and the Monuments* (1950) and the work of her distinguished successor, Miss Dorothea Gray. There is an urgent need for a balanced estimate of how much can and how much cannot be inferred on the basis of the Linear B tablets. Perhaps the most important contribution of the period to Homeric study is the proof of the American scholar, Milman Parry, that the two epics are the product of oral composition and make much use of traditional formulas.

No person is better equipped to evaluate all this diverse evidence than the great scholar who is the author of this book; and no writer is better able to present the results of such an enquiry in a form that must make them fascinating reading not only to specialists or students but to any person capable of an intelligent interest in the subject. The long history of Homeric scholarship is littered with the bones of attractive but unprovable hypotheses, and there is no branch of ancient literature about which so many gifted writers have written so much and arrived at so few definite conclusions. But Professor Page has kept his feet firmly on the ground, and has supported the greater part of his conclusions by what seem to me very powerful proofs indeed.

Professor Page makes a strong case for the identity of the Ahhijawā of Hittite documents with the Achaioi, and argues that their kingdom must have been in Rhodes. Is this location quite certain? Rhodes may well have been one Achaean place; but the tradition seems to point to Crete as the chief centre and Crete is not so far from the Asiatic coast as to rule this out. After a masterly summary of the results of Blegen's Trojan excavations, Professor Page goes on to argue that an Achaean expedition against Troy would fit well into the context of the thirteenth century, when Ahhijawā is known to have been involved in conflict with a powerful confederation in the west of Asia Minor known as the League of Assuwa (Asia?). His next piece of evidence for the historicity of the war follows from a searching examination of the Catalogue of Ships in the second book of the *Iliad*. Strong reasons are offered for thinking that the Catalogue is the oldest part of our *Iliad*, a Mycenaean document dating from before the dark ages that extended from the twelfth to the ninth century B.C. It would not follow that it was an authentic order of battle of the Trojan War; the prominence of Boeotia, no doubt due to its Boeotian origin, seems to exclude that; but it would follow that it was not more than a century or so later than the war, and therefore unlikely to describe events that had never taken place.

The chapter on the Linear B tablets from Pylos and Knossos strikes a welcome note of caution. Professor Page believes in the general correctness of the decipherment; 'interpretation of the results', he writes, 'has gone too fast and too far'. His careful discussion shows how slight are the points of contact between the world revealed by the tablets and the world of the Homeric poems; and many of the pyramids of speculation so rapidly built on this insecure foundation swiftly vanish in the light of his clear, lucid analysis. He goes on to detect, by careful investigation of the language and the monuments, various features of the poem which may confidently be labelled Mycenaean; the boar's-tusk helmet and the great shield, certain rare epithets and the figures of several of the heroes. Mr. Page supplies instances of the kind of evidence that supports his belief in 'multiple authorship' in the *Iliad* by two appendices, one discussing the problem of the embassy in Book IX and the other that of Thucydides's puzzling statement that the Greeks built their wall in the first year of the war.

Mr. Page's view is that epic poetry was orally composed, and was made up and recited in Greece from as early as the fifteenth century B.C. During the dark ages that began with the twelfth century, it was kept alive by the des-

cendants of the Mycenaeans in Athens and the eastern Aegean, until 'probably during the ninth century and certainly not later than the earlier part of the eighth' there was a new flowering of poetic genius and the old poems were expanded and transformed. Mr. Page doubts whether the poems were written down before a standard text was compiled at Athens in Pistratus's time. He thinks that a new episode could be composed and inserted as late as the fourth century B.C. (But even if the description of the building of the wall in Book VII was not in Thucydides's *Iliad*, can we be sure it was composed as late as the fourth century?)

HUGH LLOYD-JONES

With Ardours Manifold

By David Boyle. Hutchinson. 25s.

There is a respectable cliché about people living their lives on the fringe of events. In the case of Mr. Boyle we might say—and this would be factually and grammatically sound—that he has lived in the fringe of events. Not unlike the late lamented Augustus Hare, Mr. Boyle seems to have been always there—noticing, jotting, and remembering. He began reflective life as a schoolboy friend of that most idiosyncratic of class-mates, Sir Harold Nicolson. He was in Peking shortly after the Boxer Rising, and then worked in Burma and the Gold Coast with a gay interlude as one of the Gold Staffs at the Coronation of King George V. He served in Africa during the war, and in 1916 married a niece of Sir Charles Tennant. After the war he seems to have done secret work in Washington which included dining off scrambled eggs with Sir Charles des Graz. He was a kind of part-time member of the Prince of Wales's staff, and saw much of him when he paid a private visit to Long Island in 1924—a harmless occasion, much probed by the American press, which alarmed King George V. Mr. Boyle gives his readers an interesting gleam on the espionage of court life when he tells us that King George V's secretary sent for him, after this visit, to get a report of the private behaviour of the Prince. 'I imagine things worked out all right', says Mr. Boyle, but the Duke of Windsor, in his memoirs, gives an amusing account of his rather difficult interview with his father. Mr. Boyle was back in England for the General Strike, lending a hand with the *British Gazette*: he was friendly with Ernest Bevin and Lord Lloyd, and he worked in the City with General Guy Dawnay. He was providentially preserved from a seat in the R.101.

Certainly it would not be difficult to find fault with Mr. Boyle as a chronicler. His publishers really should have saved him from three scorching mistakes in the first page and a half of his narrative. It was not the Kaiser William he saw riding behind Queen Victoria's carriage in 1887 but the Emperor Frederick; George IV was lying in the royal vaults at Windsor when Mr. Boyle pictures him paying a state visit to Edinburgh; Mr. Boyle's father was not denied an Oxford education because of the Liberal Movement there—the author means the Tractarian Movement. Such things make the reader nervous. Anyone in search of an exciting narrative or a mildly scandalous one will certainly not turn to Mr. Boyle. Yet, when these warnings have been given, the reader interested in the immediate past may be assured of a pleasant few hours with Mr. Boyle. He is a guide of absolute integrity, and he describes capably enough

that agreeable existence for the well-conditioned which was mauled in 1914 and put out of its misery in 1939.

ROGER FULFORD

On the Threshold of Delinquency

By John Barron Mays.

Liverpool University Press. 25s.

In his account of *Growing up in a City* Mr. Mays introduced us to the adolescent 'sub-culture' of the Liverpool slums. In this book he describes the work of an experimental club for boys between the ages of eight and thirteen from the same area. He brings us closer to the family life of the club members and thus adds to our knowledge of the social background of the delinquent. Such studies are invaluable for the understanding of criminal behaviour, but Mr. Mays is here concerned with its prevention. The Dolphin Club has none of the spectacular features of the Barge Club, nor was it run on the extreme permissive lines of the Barnes Experiment—indeed Mr. Mays argues that a measure of discipline has a valuable therapeutic effect on urchins who are left too much to their own devices and positively welcome guidance. Dramatic methods of dealing with the wayward require dramatic personalities; only Mr. Lyward could give *Mr. Lyward's Answer*.

The merit of Mr. Mays's kind of club is that it can be established anywhere. It is a small-scale version of the Chicago Area Project. The aim is to get the parents, probation officers, police liaison officers and school teachers to collaborate in preventing delinquent and 'disturbed' children from going wholly to the bad. Nightly attendance was expected for five nights a week and if a boy did not turn up the parents were invited to give an explanation, and the probation officer—if he were on probation—to bring pressure. It was made clear at the outset that the club was intended as a therapeutic and preventive institution, and the aim was to make it an effective part of the community. Mr. Mays is quite frank about its failures. Any social service of this kind must provide the customer with something *he* finds more rewarding than his current way of life, and it is not surprising that boys who had already embarked on delinquent conduct should not have found The Dolphin their cup of tea. However his successes are notable and the Youth Services might well consider sponsoring similar clubs elsewhere.

One note of criticism, which in no way affects the significance of what Mr. Mays has to tell us: here and there one detects a note of self-pity. The families whom Mr. Mays and his team were helping were all too often ungrateful; they did not appreciate all the effort and money that was being spent on their unworthy behalf. Of course they were exasperating, feckless, apathetic and generally lacking in the parental virtues expected of the middle class mother and father, but why on earth should we expect them to be grateful for what they must feel to be an intolerable intrusion into their ramshackle lives?

W. J. H. SPROTT

Miss Elizabeth Jennings writes: 'In the review of *Francis Thompson: Man and Poet*, which appeared in THE LISTENER of February 4, I made a nonsensical statement by inadvertently omitting the word "no". The sentence is in the first paragraph of my review and should, of course, read as follows: "He [Thompson] could only give love to those who would make no demands on him".'

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DOCUMENTARY

How to Do It

MR. BULTITUDE WOULD HAVE had a better time of it today—if one may judge from 'Schools' television, to which I turned this week for encouragement after watching 'Gyroscope' (that sad example of how not to put over a scientific programme) the week before. For there was much to encourage. It is easy to be cleverly dubious about the prospect of youth obtaining instruction from an impersonal magic box instead of from the lips of teacher—who may be fallible but can at least be questioned; but evidently no one is more conscious than the directors of Schools Television that their service is a supplement, not a substitute. These programmes, then, are in a special category: for, unlike others, they are intended to be viewed in connexion with the live word. They do not need, in fact, to stand entirely on their own feet; and yet, quite remarkably, they do.

I watched four programmes; and none of them could be rated as less than excellent. Best of all, I thought, was Professor W. S. Bullough's 'The First Fishes' (Wednesday, February 3) in his series 'The Evolution of Living Things'. This was a notable programme by any standards, and stood far ahead, in terms of both instruction and amusement, of very many of the similar features that are offered for adult consumption at later hours o'clock. One might not have expected the subject of fossil fishes to be particularly enthralling; but the approach was so lively and intelligent, and the geological records were so illuminatingly supported by shots of living survivors of these ancient genera, that the whole added up to an extremely exciting detective story. One has often heard the statement that 'Life was created in the sea, and then the fishes came out on to the land', and failed to be much moved by it. But it *was* moving to see a lung-fish in a tank, its fins modified to four wambly 'legs', coming up to the surface to take an enjoyable gulp of real atmospheric air (through its mouth, not its gills), and to think that 'Through such ambition came I!'

Professor Michael Abercrombie's 'Cell Movement' (Monday and Thursday) was only less good, and certainly far better value than that white-elephant programme on cells to which I had better promise not to refer again. It failed to have quite the same effect in that this professor was a little less able to key down his language to adolescent understanding than the other. The word *cilia*, for instance, ought to be spelled, for otherwise any schoolboy is liable to imagine that

tween a school audience and the paintings of the masters, but one would rather have heard more from Mr. Berger.

Two general reflections. One: the scope of these programmes. Obviously certain school subjects lend themselves to visual exposition and others do not. Practically, however, all that we get at the moment is (very roughly speaking) biology and allied subjects—and I do not make this remark on the strength of a single week's



'Mares and Foals', by George Stubbs, which was shown in the programme for schools, 'The Horse', third in the series 'Looking at Animals'

you are saying *sillier*. And the word *substrate*, if it has to be used at all (which it had not on this occasion), certainly demands explanation.

'Land Birds in Winter' (Monday and Friday) was a less valuable educational subject: bird-identification, I feel, is more a hobby than a discipline. But, on its own terms, this was another success, and Dick Bagnall-Oakeley's tips on how to draw birds in the field were particularly useful. There were, however, one or two slips—or, rather, vaguenesses. Mr. Bagnall-Oakeley drew a (first-rate) likeness of what he called 'the woodpecker' *tout court*; whereas the bird was clearly the Pied or Great Spotted, not the common Green. And he described the main coloration as 'black and white'. It isn't: the 'white' is in reality mostly pinky-buff. These are minute points; but in Schools television only complete clarity and accuracy are sufficient.

Lastly, John Berger looking at 'The Horse' (Friday). It might be thought that 'the horse in art' is a much more peripheral educational subject than the last. I shouldn't agree. Anyway, Mr. Berger admirably fulfilled his task, which was to teach us to look at a familiar object with new eyes. I would only question the introduction of the art-students and their drawings of horses: I realize that this was intended to provide a bridge be-

viewing. Could not the limits be set wider? Two: this question of instruction and amusement. It is assumed that children are to be instructed and adults amused. I don't know whether I am just an incorrigible schoolboy, but I personally always find it extremely amusing to be instructed: while I seldom find it amusing to be amused.

A thin week otherwise. 'Monitor' (January 31) was distinctly sub-standard. Rod Steiger was advertised as 'attacking misconceptions about the Method school of acting'; but seldom have I heard less said with more pomposity. 'Mortimer's Hampstead' was advertised as 'something quite new that borders on the revolutionary'; but the 'personal impression' of a place is no novelty, and this was not a striking example of the genre.

The only outstanding event was an astonishing display by a professional medium in 'Lifeline'—by far the most convincing specimen of this kind of thing that I have come across. I await with the greatest interest the 'post-mortem' that is to follow in the next edition.

HILARY CORKE

DRAMA

Nothing but the Truth

THE IDEA MUST have occurred to everyone who has seen an oath administered in court: what fun if the next man in really did tell the truth, the whole truth—about his aching feet, his suspicion that a lady in the front row was at snoring point, his obsession with a flourishing wart on the prosecuting counsel's expressive hand. How amusing if the oath should act as a truth drug.

I am not suggesting that this idea furnished the germ for Terence Dudley's *Song in a Strange Land* (February 2): in fact, I can already sense Mr. Dudley looking down his nose



The Consultant Psychiatrist (centre) talking to 'Mrs. Smith' and Mr. Johnson, a professional medium, in 'Lifeline' on February 3

me for raising the matter of ample amusement at all in connexion with his play. On the strength of this and his earlier television piece, *Love Story* (presented last October), he seems to be a morally didactic writer whose messages peal out as confidently and recurringly as church bells. *Song in a Strange Land*, he says, is 'a comedy with a heart' (save the word!) a "heart". No trace of the self-protective parenthesis appears in the play, for its heart is so grossly enlarged an organ that it all but eclipses the comedy.

Ricardo Tancredo is (let's clear up the whole thing straight away) an impoverished Spanish expatriate window cleaner who removes his five-year-old son from a life of primary school victimization, bars his door against the school attendance officer, and winds up, at the time the play opens, facing charges in a magistrate's court. He behaves with atrocious rudeness, mingling personal invective with barnstorming declarations about the brotherhood of man and the hypocrisy of Christians, and seems fated—after his statement, 'I have a great contempt for this court'—for a spell inside. Evidence of his absolute truthfulness, however, has been accumulating; and when a spectral old lady arises to testify glowingly to his good character, his acquittal is assured, and the magistrate lets him off with a five-shilling fine.

The moral embedded in these events shrieks for itself: what does need comment is the eccentric manner in which Mr. Dudley has arranged a plain tale. He progresses from one bright idea to another, almost making it a point of honour to discard nothing, however unworkable. Some of the incidentals work very well—the intervention of the old lady, although arbitrary, is handled with affectionate delicacy (Marda Vanne sketched the tiny part brilliantly). But successes were the exception. One central flaw was Ricardo himself. One feels that Mr. Dudley, having little to give his hero but honesty and strength of opinion, used nationality as a substitute for character, making a facile equation between Spain and impassioned pride. I thought Harry H. Corbett's recklessly experimental reading of the part suggested inner desperation.

The form—alternating courtroom scenes with flash-backs—was equally ill-considered. Trials are a gift to the playwright because they incorporate their own flash-backs; to fade into the past with every witness is to destroy tension without any gain in depth. Perhaps uninterrupted wrangling with the accused would have taxed Geoffrey Keen's dryly exasperated magistrate beyond endurance. But that is a negative justification. It is all very well for a writer to take a popular form—trial, thriller, drawing-room comedy—and put it to a higher purpose: but if he fails to obey the rules, the form will take its revenge.

No one has ever understood this better than Somerset Maugham, whose society plays are our closest stage equivalent to the Trojan horse. The conventional idea of the Old Party amusedly scrutinizing the human ant-hill through half-closed eyes collapses before such a work as *Our Betters* (February 7) in which satiric social criticism is contained in an elegantly proportioned struc-



Harry H. Corbett (centre) as Ricardo Tancredo in *Song in a Strange Land*

ture exactly calculated to please the taste of its victims. Poisoned bon-bons, and how they loved them!

George R. Foa's production of this study of American heiresses hugging their European titles had one scene I shall never forget. Ernest, nonpareil of dancing masters, arrives at Lady Grayston's house party, foppishly apologetic for his city clothes. Yesterday's scandal in the tea house, the patching up of two battered attachments, situations which had wrought the guests, if not to plain speech, at least to revealing their true motives—all these fade away as the city reasserts itself. Elaborately Ernest removes his gloves and chats of Lady Twickenham, 'the new one, not the old one, you know'. The bull-like Thornton winds the gramophone and as its horn discharges the opening of a scratchy two-step against the competitive quacking of small-talk, Ernest takes the floor with the fleshily inept Duchesse de Surennes: 'Passion', his voice rises above the babel; 'passion is what these modern dances want'. The camera withdrew to take in the whole ugly group. It was a moment of masterly dramatic generalization—on a given set of characters; on society of the period (1919); and on a permanent aspect of human vanity.



Scene from Somerset Maugham's *Our Betters*, with (left to right) Margaret Courtenay as Lady George Grayston, Marjorie Steele as Bessie Saunders, Kevin Brennan (half hidden) as Thornton Clay, David Knight (at back) as Fleming Harvey, Philippe Perrotet as Ernest, Marion Lowe as the Duchesse de Surennes, and Alan Gifford as Arthur Fenwick

The production was dressed with a perfectionism approaching satire by Joyce Hammond, and played throughout in biting style. Philippe Perrotet as Ernest was given a magnificent chance and he seized it magnificently; Margaret Courtenay, imperiously reptilian as Lady Grayston, and Marion Lowe's shrilly stupid Surennes, created and sustained the snake-pit atmosphere in which the other figures thrived. But the whole company was very good. Only the two innocents, rather wanly played by Marjorie Steele and David Knight, were left out in the cold.

IRVING WARDLE

Sound Broadcasting DRAMA

'A' Certificate

THE GENERAL STANDARD of radio drama in sound broadcasting is far higher than that of television. I

hasten to add that this is not meant as a back-handed compliment. In the choice of plays to be attempted the level of aspiration is higher, as the people concerned are nowadays less inhibited by the combination of panic and contempt which are so easily inspired by unimaginably large audiences. Intelligent and difficult plays are produced despite the fact that the numbers who hear them may only be a few hundred times greater than the capacity of all London's proper theatres put together for a month. More important than that, the run-of-the-mill stuff—short plays, series, and serials—is not allowed to become altogether bad. Credit for this must be given partly to a respectable tradition, with a history of risky pioneering and technical experiment behind it, and partly to the unofficial repertory company of experienced radio actors and actresses who can give meaning and life to the saddest scripts without sounding as though it was an effort.

One result of this overall workmanlikeness is that you can't be sure where a good play is going to turn up. The presence of a visiting 'star' is no guide at all, nor is the loudness of advance publicity; but familiarity with the names of producers can be a help. The time of day or night when shows are put on used to be informative because planners aim what they most approve at the biggest group of habitual listeners. But today the radio afternoon is often as good as the peaks of the night. So it is more important than ever that good things should be repeated at different times and that there should be easy movement across the three wavelengths.

A pleasant minor sign that categories can become less rigid was the arrival of Jonquil Antony's serial adaptation of *Sense and Sensibility* on Sunday evenings at 8.30 (Home Service, February 7). It was first heard by 'older children' in Children's Hour, an important audience which is consistently treated with proper respect and served with professional skill. Miss Antony's first instalment preserved the full ferocity of her original on matters of love and money and pretensions to gentility and romantic delicacy. It is to be hoped that adult listeners can stand the brutal realism. A good cast was clearly enjoying itself.

If Children's Hour had to accept some adult, not to say decrepit, serials as swops there would be trouble, because they have been training the young to expect clarity, direct story-telling, and sound information. I liked a sample of *Beware The Hunter* (Home, February 6) which is half-way through and thick with skulduggery, including an unknown master mind, a book which might have coded information about him and a switching of bodies in an ambulance. Less complex but promising is *Wind Whistle Farm* (Home, February 3), involving eighteenth-century smuggling and a surly fellow with a wooden leg. Of a series of plays about the lives of composers by Geoffrey Trease I heard *The Lonely Giant* (Home, February 7), which gave the main facts of Beethoven's biography plus a handful of musical quotations in easy dramatic form—easy, that is, unless you have ever tried to do anything of the sort.

The best of the week's evening plays came from Belfast and was a sentimental comedy by John Murphy called *The Country Boy* (Home, February 6). As I have no passion for pastoral, the question whether Curly should stay on the farm with his grumbling father and marry a nice local girl or try to make money in an American city had little attraction for me. Besides, the dice were loaded by his Americanized elder brother proving to be less prosperous than he seemed and a sad drunk; and the probability of the plot had to be stretched in several places to get us safely into a happy ending. But there was skill in the way sympathy was swung round to the brother's American wife who first appeared to be merely boastful and citified. The speech had charm over and above stage Irishness and the voices of Elizabeth Begley and Kathleen Feenan plucked heart-strings with confident timing. The comedy arose from character, and there were moments when the play seemed about to leave the class of efficient and amiable entertainment into something better though less manageable.

The Last of the Wine by Robert Bolt (Home, February 1) had far more serious intentions but failed to make me care whether any or all of its family of stock characters were blown up or not. Part of the trouble was acting pitched too high for the microphone, but the dialogue was essentially too thin and trivial for the situation.

Snow was neatly used to make a point of murderous detection by Elizabeth Ferrars in *The Truthful Witness* (Light, February 2). But I suspect that thirty minutes is too short for the complicated deceptions and disclosures needed by crime writers.

Pressure of space prevented me last week from praising *Princess Charming* by Peter Fraser (Home, January 27), a very likeable and fresh piece of nonsense played with exactly the right pace and lightness by Norman Claridge, Cécile Chevreau, and Mary O'Farrell.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



Highways and Byways

THIS WEEK I have been exploring a number of highways and byways in radio; and the main highway was Hannibal's route over the Alps. On the Home Service (January 31) Mr. Leonard Cottrell presented 'In the Path of Hannibal': a reconstruction of the epic of 218 B.C. set in the framework of his own journey last year. As Mark Twain remarked on a different occasion: 'The researches of many historians have thrown much darkness on the subject'; and I was eager to learn and be entertained. I must admit I learnt something in the next sixty minutes about the 100,000 men who marched out of Carthage, and the mere 30,000, weary but exultant, who

looked down, five months later, on the land of the Romans. I was fascinated to hear how historians' speculations about the path of Hannibal had been confirmed: how an astonished Frenchman, in the eighteenth century, had dug up the bones of an elephant, and a gold medallion, underneath his cellar. But I must confess that all the same, until the last twenty minutes, I listened with resolution rather than interest; and much as I am in favour of historical and literary detection, I found most of this programme pretty heavy mountaineering. Sir Gavin de Beer gave seven reasons for thinking that Hannibal never went up the Isère; but without a map in *Radio Times* I was lost. Like Her Late Majesty, I was far from entertained. And when one of the characters muttered: 'But just a moment: this is getting confusing!' I found myself replying with a distinct 'Hear, hear!'

The B-road I travelled this week was also disappointing: it was 'Parents and Children' (Network Three, February 1). This was the second programme in a series on 'The Ordinary Devoted Mother and her Children', and the question was: 'Is saying "no" just saying "no"?'. Again, I am all in favour of such a programme as this, but I was anything but impressed by the paediatrician-cum-child-psychiatrist or, for that matter, by the tape-recorded maternal twitterings. We all know that if we leave bags of rice on the kitchen table, children are going to empty them on the floor. We all know they like fiddling with electric switches. Did we really need a broadcast to tell us so?

Back to the A-roads. I had not heard 'Today' since the lamentable occasion when I made a brief appearance on it myself. But I was up with the postman, if not the lark, on February 2 to hear Dr. Barbara Moore speaking briskly from Taunton. Four-and-a-half hours' sleep and a glass of orange juice before she left on the next lap to Land's End. And she sounded as if she'd just popped down to the post. It was enough to tone anyone up. It was like a cold shower to me. And though I could have dispensed with the misprints from provincial newspapers, and a chat with a master sausage-maker from Germany, and the piece about how many electric installations you should have in new houses: even so, I drop a curtsy to the producer for bringing us Dr. Moore, René Cutforth on Algeria, and the ex-prisoner ten minutes out of prison. This is an on-your-toes production, and Mr. de Manio is also on his toes: without, thank goodness, being slap-on-your-back-and-isn't-life-wonderful first thing in the morning.

Another alert production (Home, February 2) was, of course, 'At Home and Abroad'. Well, perhaps not 'of course': I did hear the programme on Algeria last week. But this time no exclusive despatches failed to materialize; Paris was not cut off; and no Frenchmen were introduced as William Pickles. Instead the General Secretary of the N.U.R. was provocatively questioned by George Scott; and Lord Shawcross, discussing his new Bill on contempt of court, submitted himself to some fairly hard cross-examination from Mr. Robin Day. But the person I really grieved for was the Bishop of Gothenberg, interviewed on the ordination of women. Miss Joan York addressed him in the tone of a choleric headmistress. I could see the gleam on the pince-nez, and I was only waiting for a 'See me in the study after prayers'. And it was hard, I thought, to rush the poor Bishop through his last words with a stopwatch, and decidedly rude to break off so abruptly.

'Enquiry into Influenza' (Home, February 3) was a searching programme of another kind: a sober documentary on the cause and control of a still problematic disease. But happily, prevention is often possible; and we were given some heartening facts about mass production of vaccine. And one more point: next time

we retire to bed with a headache and soaring temperature, and wonder where on earth we picked them up, we may console ourselves with a semantic thought: the Italians called the ailment influenza because they thought it was brought about by the influence of the stars.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC



Christmas Cantatas

FOR A MOMENT it seemed as if the calendar had taken an S-bend last week, when within two days we were given two sizable Christmas cantatas. Seasonal incongruities apart, it was good to have a chance of hearing Vaughan Williams's *Hodie* (Home, February 5). It is surely one of the most successful of the works he wrote in that last decade of his life, when the power of his imagination often seemed to flicker uncertainly. But if the sheer power of concentration that produced symphonic writing so strong and individual as in the middle symphonies had deserted him, he was still capable of an extraordinary intensity of lyrical inspiration. I hold no brief for the narrative passages in *Hodie*; the use of 'a few trebles' robs the recitatives of the individual artistry that a single singer could have brought to them, and no doubt restricted Vaughan Williams in the actual style of the music he gave them to sing. But this is merely the setting. The jewels in this work are the songs and choral pieces, which achieved a wonderful directness of expression in this performance from the North.

And not only are the settings of, for example, Hardy's 'The Oxen' and George Herbert's 'Pastoral' fine in themselves; they also have a homogeneity of style about them that is rare in Vaughan Williams's later music. So often (as in the Sixth Symphony) he sacrificed this unity of style to immediacy of expression and perpetuated in his music a conflict which music exists to resolve. But in *Hodie* the ideas come from deeper down, and in all their diversity bear the common imprint of Vaughan Williams's creative personality. How different from Honegger's *Une Cantate de Noël*! It was fascinating to have a chance of comparing the two works—superficially so similar, and both by composers who affected a certain homespun clumsiness of utterance. Yet Honegger's cantata (Third, February 6), for all its immediate effectiveness, never comes near the level of *Hodie*. So much of the Swiss composer's music seems to consist of a dogged working-out of ideas that in themselves are not very distinguished; there is a terrible absence of unforgettable moments. And so it is with this Christmas cantata. The dissonant prelude raises itself laboriously to a point where nothing less than a flash of real visionary power will do—and instead we are given infant voices singing an international carol medley. Holy simplicity? No, a synthetic simplicity, relying for its effect on sentimental associations. In musical terms it means that Honegger has funkied the problem of resolving, in its own terms, the situation constructed in his prelude, but the stylistic break is merely the reflection of a much deeper failure of will or lack of power.

The main work in the Thursday Invitation concert (Third), poses something of the same problem, though in much more sophisticated terms. Hans Werner Henze is a young (thirty-three-year-old) German composer whose long list of works gives evidence of an exceptionally fertile imagination. Starting from a stylistic position much influenced by Hindemith and Stravinsky, he 'progressed' into strict serialism in company with most of the other German composers of his generation, for whom the discovery of Schönberg's music and that of his

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pils was the real 'liberation'. But the rigours of the slide-rule school were not for Henze, and his position seems now to be one of extreme eclecticism. In the *Kammermusik 1958*, a setting of an elusive poetic fragment attributed to Hölderlin, he makes use of a tenor and a guitar, set off against a *ripieno* of eight instruments, and this excellent performance by Peter Pears and Julian Bream, with Colin Davis directing the octet, made it obvious that he has enjoyed exploring the rich, sensuous possibilities of his medium. What is more problematic is the extent to which the shape of the poem, with its constantly reappearing symbols, acts as a satisfactory

backbone to the music. That it is reflected, and reflected with great subtlety, in the texture of the music there can be no doubt, but music has its own non-verbal logic, and every now and then one was brought up short by what sounded suspiciously like a *non sequitur*.

But of course it is difficult to reach any worth-while conclusions on a single hearing. I hope very much that the Third will give us another chance of hearing a work that is, at the very least, the product of immense talent. And perhaps next time it might be possible to arrange for some kind of detailed introduction to the text to be broadcast beforehand. I broached this

subject in reviewing *Le Marteau sans Maître* a week or two ago, but it is far more relevant in Henze's piece, for the text is clearly far more central to his musical purpose. It is merely fashionable specialization that tells us we should concentrate on the music and forget about the words.

I have left myself almost no room to praise Norma Procter's vividly characterized singing in Kodály's amiable *The Spinning Room* (Third, February 3), a colourful bit of folkery that will have disappointed only those who were led (by its length?) to expect some sort of masterpiece.

JEREMY NOBLE

Rameau at his Finest

By CUTHBERT GIRDLESTONE

'Dardanus' will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 7.5 p.m. on Sunday, February 14



OF ALL RAMEAU'S operas, *Dardanus* shows the composer's genius at its fullest. *Hippolyte et Aricie* is more continuously vigorous, *Castor et Pollux* more lyrical; *Dardanus* combines the qualities of both with much more besides. Rameau never chose a worse collaborator than Le Clerc de la Bruère, and it is as if the dramatic nullity of the libretto gave freer rein to the pure musician in him than did the better texts of his two earlier *tragédies lyriques* which set stricter limits to his imagination.

In its original form, the absurdity of much of the subject would make *Dardanus* impossible to stage; sound radio is the ideal medium for work in which the appeal is all to the ear. Even the audience of 1739 found the story too ridiculous to swallow and the opera had to be so thoroughly recast that, when it was put on again in 1744, half of it was new text and music. Were it to be performed today the producer would have to make a choice from both versions since, although the second is dramatically presentable and contains some fine pieces among the new music, it omits some of the most enchanting passages of the first. But, the ear being more tolerant than the eye, the problem is easier to solve in a broadcast performance.

The music remains at such a constant height of excellence that some of the earliest spectators were overwhelmed and one of them complained that for three whole hours no member of the orchestra had time even to sneeze. There are, indeed, few or none of those passages of conventional padding during which the public can rest from listening attentively and the executants from playing at their best.

Though ill-constructed and unreal, La Bruère's libretto contained situations which gave Rameau his chance. The heroine, Iphise, is the daughter of a king who is at war with Dardanus and she has been promised to her father's ally, Antenor. She is, however, in love with the enemy (and he, of course, with her, though neither discovers the other's love for nearly two acts). The ancient conflict between private feeling and public interest is heightened by her obligation to attend the patriotic demonstrations while she is inwardly torn with grief. This makes her musically the most significant character and the mouthpiece of strains which are not only elegiac but unmistakably tragic. Dardanus himself comes to his own only in the 1744 version, where his slow soliloquy in Act V, after his capture, with its bassoon *obbligato* and enharmonic changes, expresses with intense

concentration the grinding cruelty of his fate. The 1744 version contains another highlight in the duet of renunciation sung by Dardanus and Iphise in prison, in which each lover begs to be allowed to lay down his life for the other; under the smooth, restrained line the sorrow lies almost too deep for words.

The first two acts are common to both versions. The Second Act contains two fine choruses, both sung by the magicians whom Dardanus, Iphise, and Antenor have all come separately to consult; the second of these, 'Obéis aux lois des Enfers', is a magnificent piece in which the vocal parts consist largely of repeated notes while the orchestra flings out in diabolic swirls and builds up the mood independently of the voices.

The most original music came at the beginning of the Fourth Act to accompany the hero's slumber, and this was the chief loss incurred in the 1744 recasting. The sequence of orchestral prelude, Venus's solo, *sommeil* (*rondeau tendre*), trio and chorus are all at once an inducement to sleep, a slumber-song and a description of the sleeper's state. To conjure up magic worlds was one of the achievements expected of an eighteenth-century opera and such evocations generally sound rather washed-out today, but this *Dardanus* fairyland still retains its unearthly beauty and power to enchant. No one would react now as some 1739 listeners did who laughed because the music recalled a contemporary children's lullaby. Rameau has created other imaginary worlds, but they are usually accompanied by an underlying note of scepticism or regret, as in Hebe's Pleasures in *Castor et Pollux*; here, for once, there is nothing beyond the fairyland of ease and rest, of a never-cloying sweetness, with neither aspirations, reservations, nor irony.

Rameau's dances in *Dardanus*, as elsewhere, combine pungent expression of mood with precise indication of movement; this is well seen in the minuet and *tambourins* of the prologue, the *entrée des guerriers* in Act I, the minuets in Act III, and the chaconne at the end; this latter is one of his grandest chaconnes, with wide scope and keen expressiveness; it unites, moreover, through-composition with choreographic diversity.

The distinctive features of French opera, which make the form so different from the Italian one, are obvious in *Dardanus*. Within the body of the drama there are no arias; the vocal part hovers between declamation and song, now remaining frankly recitative, now warming imperceptibly to melody. From time to time, it

is true, especially at the opening of an act, there are solo numbers with *ritornelli* and *da capo*, but even here the vocal line is close to declamation and does not fall into sharply defined outlines. Away from the dance interludes, it is only in the choruses that declamation is entirely discarded. Moreover, the recitative never flops to the melodic insignificance of *recitativo secco*; it always remains alive and moulded on the speech. In *Dardanus* it is perhaps at its best in Act II, in the dialogues between Dardanus and the magician, between Dardanus in disguise and Iphise, and Dardanus and his rival, Antenor. Gratitude, instructions, avowals, hope and fear, supplication, shame are the themes upon which the discourse turns and the tone ranges from statement to passion. The line and harmony follow the march of feeling and Rameau achieves a restrained yet poignant grace that recalls the verse of Racine more than anything else in music.

With this goes the almost continuous importance of the orchestra and the comparative self-sufficiency of much of its part; in Rameau, indeed, there are sections where the 'accompaniment' makes sense without the voice part; e.g., in Iphise's solo at the beginning of Act III (1739) and Dardanus's at the beginning of Act IV (1744). The continuity and musical interest of the accompaniment make French opera of the Lully-Rameau tradition sound quite surprisingly modern when we come to it from the contemporary Italian kind.

The orchestra of the Paris opera had strings, woodwind and horns, with trumpets and drums for special effects. It is, of course, mainly on the wind that Rameau relies for colour. The flutes play their part, among other places, in a duet in the slumber scene of Act IV and in the music of Venus's descent in Act V (1739)—with a telling entry on the leading note. The bassoons and oboes are prominent in the chaconne and the bassoon in Dardanus's soliloquy in Act IV (1744).

When one thinks of *Dardanus* as a whole in its two versions, there stand out above all the tragic figure of Iphise in her lonely, gnawing sorrow; the powerful choruses of the magicians in Act II; the slumber music of Act IV (1739); and, in the 1744 version, the hero's soliloquy and his duet with Iphise in the new Act IV. The range of mood is impressive, from martial brawniness to private tragedy and magic worlds, and at no stage does Rameau's music, in this opera of his fifty-sixth to sixty-first years, descend for more than a few bars at a time to the commonplace and the mechanical.

New Uses for Rock Plants

By F. H. STREETER

I THINK rock-garden plants could be used much more than they are to cover the bare stones along the edging of garden paths. Many gardens are neither large enough nor suitable for a rockery to grow these charming plants, but visualize the path from the entrance gate up to the front door planted each side with pinks, or some of the lovely new dianthus covering the stone edging or the space between the lawn and path. Or one could plant here a double row of rock roses in their many colours, or a tiny lavender hedge.

Perhaps you have a crazy paving or even a concrete path: among the plants that will grow and thrive in the joints and cracks between the stones are golden thymes; campanulas (the dwarf species in white, blue, or mauve); or erinus alpinus. These plants seed and look after themselves.

Then there is the question of dry walls—walls that are built with stones or old bricks without any cement, only pure soil between the joints. This is the place for plants that will grow downwards. Picture such a wall planted with aubretia, either named varieties or plants raised from seed. I once had a slanting wall of this description. It was twenty feet high and sloped down to an old path which led to a water garden. It was impossible to put in plants,

so I mixed up some clay and cow manure, putting the seed in this and plastering the joints. The result was beyond my expectations. If you interplant with yellow and white arabis in groups with alyssum these will prolong the display. There are also several campanulas



Romneya trichocalyx

that are most suitable, and, if you want to break up the planting, try a few roots of romneya trichocalyx or Coulterii planted on the top. These should be allowed to run down between the stones and push out their growths between the joints.

In some small back gardens, not much larger than an old-fashioned stone sink, one could easily manage a collection of sedums and saxifrages. Many of them grow only a few inches high—the tallest, say, eighteen inches. If you cover the soil between the plants with some fine granite chippings, they will be happy. Sempervivums, too, the cobweb sorts, are rewarding.

In country gardens one often finds some odd corners which present difficulties to the owner who may have little labour to spare. This is the spot for a wild garden. With a few groups of ornamental shrubs, three or four silver birches planted in the grass to break it up, and drifts of various bulbs, it can be restful and charming. Mow the grass after the bulb foliage has died down and again in the autumn before the leaves fall. Plant a group or two of hellebores, some hardy cyclamen round the base of the trees, and a few drifts of polyanthus primroses and bluebells. If there should be some silver birches already established get a little soft soap and water and scrub the bark until it glistens.

—From a talk in the Home Service

Bridge Forum



Expert Bidding Contest—Final

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

ON FEBRUARY 7 in Network Three the three pairs who had won the previous heats took part in the final of the expert bidding contest. This was the first hand they had to tackle, with East the dealer at love all:

WEST	EAST
♠ Q J 9 2	♠ A 10 8
♥ A 9	♥ J 5
♦ 6 3	♦ A Q J 9 7 4 2
♣ K Q J 8 4	♣ A

East-West have plenty of values and the problem is to stop short of slam, realizing the awkwardness of the club holding. If a heart is led against Six Diamonds declarer cannot obtain a quick discard of his heart loser. The awards were: 10 for Five Diamonds; 7 for Four Spades; 3 for Five Clubs or 3 NT.

The first pair reached a poor contract:

WEST	EAST
(Mr. A. Truscott)	(Mr. A. Priday)
—	2D
3C	3D
3S	4S
5H	6C
No	

The judges thought that, having opened a minimum Two bid, East should have repeated his diamonds once again in preference to raising

the spades. In addition, his final bid of Six Clubs suggested at least A x.

The second pair scored 10 out of 10 for the following auction:—

WEST	EAST
(Mr. C. Rodrigue)	(Mrs. F. Gordon)
—	2D
3C	3D
4D	5D
No	

West's by no means obvious bid of Four Diamonds on the second round worked very well.

The third East player opened with a bid of One. A somewhat uneasy auction followed:—

WEST	EAST
(Mr. L. Dodds)	(Mr. K. Konstam)
—	1D
2C	3D
3S	4C
4H	4S
5C	5D
6C	No

It was hard to understand why West was so persistent with his clubs and never supported diamonds.

Mr. Rodrigue and Mrs. Gordon were not hard pressed to keep their lead, for none of the pairs could find the slam in clubs on the second hand, dealt by West at game all:

WEST	EAST
♠ A	♠ Q 10 8 5
♥ K Q 8 7 3	♥ A 4
♦ A K Q 8	♦ 7 3
♣ K Q 7	♣ J 10 8 6 2

The awards were 10 for Six Clubs; 5 for Five Clubs, Four Hearts, or 3 NT; 4 for Five Hearts.

Each West player opened with a conventional Two Clubs. When West bid hearts on the next round the East players tended to raise hearts and suppress their club suits. This was the only sequence in which clubs were introduced as a suit:—

WEST	EAST
(Mr. Truscott)	(Mr. Priday)
2C	2D
2H	3C
3D	4H
5C	5H
No	

West would perhaps have done better to support clubs at once instead of mentioning the diamonds. East's support for hearts was somewhat excessive.

The other two pairs finished in Six Hearts, which is against the odds. Mr. Truscott and Mr. Priday thus did best on the second hand but not enough to overtake the leaders.

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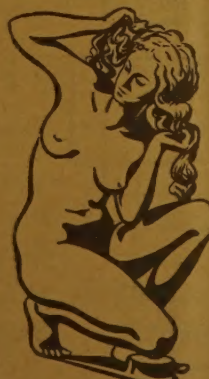
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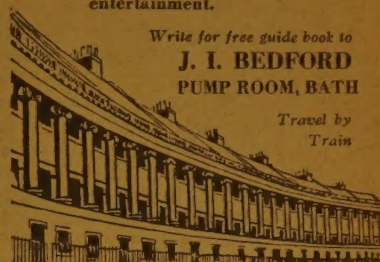
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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife



Varying the Menu

FIRST, here are some suggestions for breakfast: (1) Grilled herrings stuffed with their own soft roes chopped and mixed with breadcrumbs and parsley. (2) Fried tomato sandwich. (3) Smoked haddock poached in milk. (4) Kipper fillets on toast.

For lunch or supper I would suggest: (1) Savoury meat loaf: take an ordinary sandwich loaf and cut off all crusts. Cut off the top, and hollow out the inside. Fill with minced meat. Replace the 'lid', butter the outside, and bake in oven. (2) 'Three in one': an American dish consisting of layers of beef minced with onion and green pepper alternating with layers of tinned sweet corn, topped with tomato. (3) Cod Lyonnaise: cod fillets cooked with sliced potatoes and finely chopped onion, sprinkled with vinegar and plenty of chopped parsley.

Some suggestions for high tea are: (1) Egg nests: separate the yolks and whites; pile the stiffly whipped whites in a ring on buttered toast, slip the yolks into the centre, and bake in a moderate oven with a little cheese sprinkled on top. (2) Potato nests: pipe mashed potatoes into a ball with a hollow in the middle. Brush with egg and fill with a savoury filling. (3) Kebabs with boiled rice: thread cubes of liver, kidney, bacon, steak, and anything that will grill well on skewers, brush with butter, and cook under hot grill. Serve with boiled rice.

For puddings you may like to try: (1) Bermuda witches (an old English recipe): cut a sponge cake into thin slices, spread each slice

with strawberry jam and strew with finely grated coconut, then re-form the cake into its original shape. (2) Apricot pancakes: layered with apricot jam and dusted with icing sugar. (3) Creamed rhubarb: rhubarb cooked gently to a purée and allowed to cool, covered first with custard and then with whipped cream. (4) Cream toasts: thick fingers of bread dipped first in vanilla-flavoured milk and then in egg yolk, fried in butter and sprinkled with sugar.

MARGARET RYAN
—'Woman's Hour'

An American Sally Lunn

This recipe for Sally Lunn tea-cake uses no yeast. The ingredients are:

- $\frac{1}{3}$ of a cup of half lard and half butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of sugar
- 2 eggs
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour
- 3 level teaspoons of baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt
- $\frac{3}{4}$ of a cup of milk

A flat round tart tin, or dish, with a diameter of about 10 inches is most suitable for the cooking.

Cream the lard, butter, and sugar. Add the beaten eggs, then the flour, sifted with the salt and baking powder, alternately with the milk. Beat hard. Pour into the buttered tin, or dish, and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for twenty-five to thirty minutes. A little ground nutmeg sprinkled over the top of the batter, after it has been poured into the tin, is an

improvement. Cut in pie-shaped wedges and serve hot, with butter.

SALLY LUNN—'Today'

Notes on Contributors

GUY WINT (page 247): formerly on editorial staff of *The Guardian*, author of *The British in Asia, Common Sense in China*
STEPHEN TOULMIN (page 252): acting John Dewey Professor of Philosophy, Columbia University, New York; Professor of Philosophy, Leeds University, 1955-58; author of *The Philosophy of Science*, etc.

FRIEDRICH BURSCHELL (page 257): German author and critic living in Munich; announcer/translator, German Service B.B.C., 1943-45; programme assistant, 1945-49; author of *Die Einfalt der Herzens, Charakter und Seele, Jean Paul*

FRANCIS WATSON (page 260): in India from 1938-46; with British Council, 1947-49; author of *Talking of Gandhiji*, etc.

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KENNETH MATHER, F.R.S. (page 268): Professor of Genetics, Birmingham University; author of *Statistical Analysis in Biology*, etc.

CUTHBERT GIRDLESTONE (page 283): Professor of French, King's College, Newcastle upon Tyne (University of Durham); author of *Jean-Philippe Rameau*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,550.

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, February 18. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

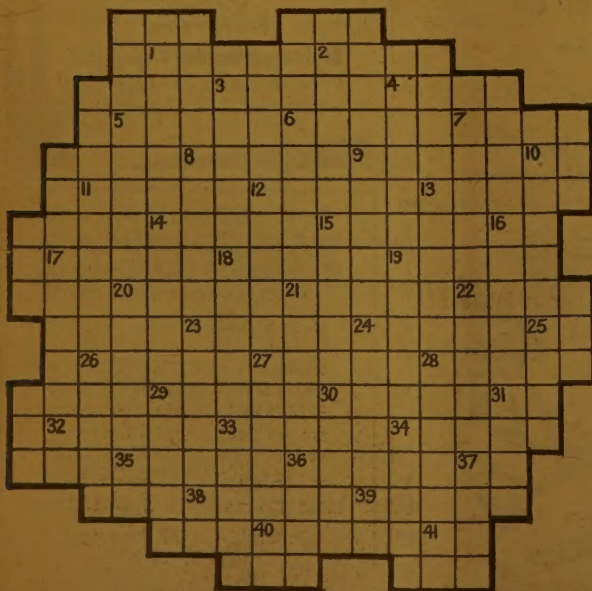
Each numbered square is the centre square of a block of nine. Each light, of nine letters, is to be entered in its relevant block, starting at any appropriate square and travelling in any direction vertically or horizontally but not

diagonally. The letters appearing in the numbered squares may be arranged to form:

FEY—TRY MOST SENSIBLE REASONABLE WORDS METHINKS

CLUES

1. Coming shortly and sharply to a point, but quiet about the cracked nut
2. Anaesthetist, found between the sheets, used scathing language
3. Give advance warning of a silent reproof to a dog
4. Not only could, but would, be very much remote at this distance
5. Advanced and half creole dance performed in a long string
6. Highland daggers recovered from Hindi wars
7. Dance around each other, so upset deranged by pointless testing
8. Rids of impurities shown by reflection of a bubble in glass split by a broken surface
9. Irishman starts to pass the winter resting and finishes up a Scot
10. A white pigment mixed in the pool
11. One wanting in individuality yet used as an artist's model (hyphenated)
12. Somewhat erratic behaviour leads to the uncovering of sea-anemones
13. When all at sea gent liked to lie in the holds as ballast
14. Played in a second time, hoping for a different result—in the shower-bath?
15. Production of the atmosphere for one's favourite resort—imagine that
16. One of our feathered friends—but only just
17. Live out of town, joining a clown and a goddess
18. Frenchman, artist, county dignitary, I, and an American all end up in S. America
19. Getting fed up about the shambles of a house but repairing ineffectually
20. Warm, perhaps, to the officer, warm, certainly to the private
21. Toadies in the States—getting a polished tongue?
22. Beyond the horizon it is the horrible idea that turns into black magic
23. At a river it starts eluting copper chloride
24. The african is most able when lost in the streets



NAME.....

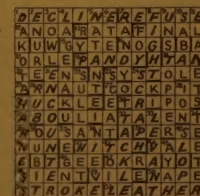
ADDRESS.....

Enneads.

By Jackdaw.

25. 6—1, 6—1 at tennis? Wimbledon weeks, or any others
26. A bigger fool these days
27. A thousand and one vexatious children upset the poisonous pyrites
28. Street-cleaners command positions on the links
29. Indirectly indicated as familiar with the voiced dental stop
30. Very small pieces of mosaic, made of marble or else slate
31. See here, only one minstrel in a thousand and ninety-nine comes from Italy
32. Yielding to ram, I'd back away from dictator; he makes spots before the eyes
33. Driveway, often built by town council to show its approaches are on the level and please its constituents
34. Come between two, to plead for one
35. Rippling—like whiskey as it is made?
36. A corporal to help back in an architectural style with many faults
37. Descriptive of the language used by a scholar in ridiculous surroundings
38. Erstwhile toad in the end after all—sausage-shaped, of course
39. Drives from present abode to settle in a town in Norfolk
40. A drink to hand from the coconut tree (hyphenated)
41. Change the dainty—still cause to argue

Solution of No. 1,548



NOTES

Across: 13. Rata(plan); 14. fin-al(1) and two mngs.; 15. two mngs. and hidden; 16. no 'g'; 17. or-l(ittoral)—e; 25. tuan-Ra, rev.; 29. (c)huckle; 30. trip + rev. of so; 31. bo in aul-i-a; 32. ta-len(o)-t; 39. per se; 41. nun(dine); 44. va-l(and)-e; 46. three mngs.; 48. s-l-ent; 49. wile; 50. pane, anag.

Down: 1. Rev. of to-ka in da; 2. rev. of rune + E; 6. e(a)ten; 10. Saba-L; 11. rev. of ale + nets; 23. sc-E-at; 28. i-on, and hidden; 34. tee-(h)e-r; 36. (d)oub-l-t; 38. rev. of in + Eve; 43. Macbeth, IV, i; 45. a + rev. of hay.

1st prize: Miss Sheila Simpson (Dungannon); 2nd prize: Mrs. Eve McLaughlin (Teddington); 3rd prize: Mrs. J. M. Mernagh (Bath)

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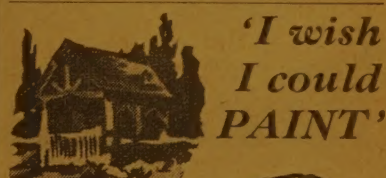
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